

The Musical World.

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1871.

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CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY.—(Saturday), Sept. 9th. The ANNUAL GREAT GATHERING of the METROPOLITAN SCHOOLS CHORAL SOCIETY. Five thousand voices. Conductors, Mr. John Hallab, Mr. J. Barton, and Mr. T. E. Heller. Organist, Mr. E. J. Hopkins. The Admission will be One Shilling, or by Guinea Season Ticket.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The SATURDAY CONCERTS will COMMENCE on SATURDAY, 30th September. Serial stall subscribers, not having received official notification of the above, are requested to forward address to Ticket-office, Crystal Palace, without delay. The Subscription List will close on Saturday, 16th Inst.—By order.

MONDAY NEXT.

MR. SANTLEY'S FAREWELL CONCERT.—Mr. Santley has the honour to announce that he will give a FAREWELL CONCERT at St. James's Hall, on Monday evening next, Sept. 11, it being his last appearance in London prior to his departure for the United States. Vocalists—Miss Edith Wynne and Madame Florence Lancia, Madame Blanche Cole and Madame Corani, Miss Enriquez and Madame Patey; Mr. Nordblom and Mr. W. H. Cummings, Mr. Patey and Mr. Santley. Pianoforte, Mr. Lindsay Sloper and Mr. G. A. Osborne. Conductors, Mr. J. L. Hatton and Mr. Sidney Naylor. Stalls, 6s.; family ticket, to admit four, 21s.; balcony, 3s.; area, 2s.; gallery and orchestra, 1s. Tickets to be had of Austin, St. James's Hall; Chappell & Co., New Bond Street; Boosey & Co., Holles Street; Keith, Prowse, & Co., Cheapside; and Hay, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings.

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Thy child's an angel now.

Lonely mother, all is well,
The lost, the young, the fair,
Lives now where the happy dwell—
Would'st call thy child from there?

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GLOUCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(From the "Times.")

Gloucester, Sept. 4.

The three choirs of Gloucester, Worcester, and Hereford, are once more assembled to celebrate their musical festival (the 148th anniversary), and by its means to assist one of the most useful and commendable of charities. There is no more talk just now about the possible discontinuance of these meetings, which for nearly a century and a half have in their particular sphere effected so much good. Opposition, from no matter what quarter, seems, for the present, at any rate, withdrawn; and the widows and orphans of clergymen who have laboured in their calling with but inadequate recompense are likely for some time still to derive benefit from an institution respectable alike for the object it has in view and the manner in which that object is carried out. The firm resolution of Worcester to uphold the Festival at any price, and in the face of all temptation, doubtless exercised an influence on its sister city. About Hereford there was never much anxiety, but there were doubts, both after 1865 and after 1868, whether another meeting would ever be held in Gloucester. These doubts are happily dispelled, and even the restoration of the Cathedral, but lately referred to in the *Times*, which might easily have been put forth as an excuse for skipping over at least one Festival and thus virtually dispose of them altogether, was not allowed to stand in the way. How those ranking highest among the inhabitants of the town and county of Gloucester feel on the subject may best be implied from the fact that no fewer than 105 gentlemen have come forward as guarantees against any probable loss; and as it is very well known that each of these "stewards," as they are called, subscribes a specified sum of money, to say nothing of liberal donations independently of their stewardship, there need be little fear as to the result. The Festival can hardly fail to be a success, and a very considerable amount is pretty sure to be handed over to the charity.

As usual, the musical department of the Festival is under the undivided superintendence of the Cathedral organist. Dr. Samuel Sebastian Wesley, not only one of our greatest organists, but one of our greatest ecclesiastical composers, has made all the necessary arrangements, and will, moreover, conduct the performances both of the sacred music in the church and of the secular music in the Shire Hall. Dr. Wesley has engaged an orchestra of some 60 performers, each one a recognized master of the instrument he professes.

The leading violins are M. Sainton and Mr. Carrodus—the best French and the best English player of the day; while the other instruments of all kinds are equally well represented. The chorus, made up of singers not only from the choirs of the three Cathedrals, but from London, Birmingham, and elsewhere, is strong in number, and will, it may readily be guessed, prove no less strong in quality. The chorus singers can always be safely relied upon at these annual meetings, their intimate acquaintance with the works of Handel and other great composers of oratorio music being the fruit of zealous study and long experience. They sing Handel with genuine enthusiasm, and are equally at home with Mendelssohn, whose *Elijah* now for a quarter of a century has stood side by side with the *Messiah*. It is scarcely too much to say, indeed, that an English chorus might be gathered together which would be able to go through the *Messiah* from one end to the other without the aid of the printed music.

At the head of the solo singers engaged for this Festival are Mlle. Tietjens (soprano), Madame Patey (contralto), Mr. Vernon Rigby (tenor), Mr. Lewis Thomas and Signor Foli (basses)—the others, less known to fame, being Madame Cora de Wilhorst, Misses H. R. Harrison and Martell, Messrs. E. Lloyd, Bentham (from Her Majesty's Opera, Drury Lane), and Brandon. Thus each section of the vocal quartet will have at least one powerful support.

The innovation of which Hereford set the example last year with decided success is to be adopted this year at Gloucester. On the first day of the Festival (to-morrow) there will be oratorio music in the Cathedral, not only in the morning, but also in the evening—thereby dispensing with the customary

miscellaneous entertainment in the Shire Hall. The morning performance includes the overture to *Esther*, "Te Deum Laudamus," and *Jephtha*, of Handel (the last with the additional accompaniments of Mr. Arthur S. Sullivan), besides Mendelssohn's hymn, "Hear my prayer;" in the evening the programme comprises a selection from Haydn's *Creation* and Handel's *Israel in Egypt*. On Wednesday Mendelssohn's *Elijah* will occupy the entire morning. Thursday morning is in part devoted to J. S. Bach's *Passion of St. Matthew*, the performance of which, not long since, in Westminster Abbey, created so deep and lasting an impression. The *Passion* will be followed by *Gideon*, a new oratorio, composed expressly for this Festival by Mr. W. G. Cusins (conductor of the London Philharmonic Society), and some pieces, including the overture from Spohr's *Calvary*,—perhaps the longest selection ever put down for one day's sacred music. Friday, as a matter of course, is exclusively taken up by the *Messiah*. The interest at the Cathedral will chiefly concentrate in Bach's *Passion*, it being the second time of the performance of that masterpiece in an English church. *Gideon*, being a novelty and the work of a meritorious musician born among us, is also very naturally looked forward to.

There are to be two evening concerts in the Shire Hall. At the first we are promised what, for a country festival, may be appropriately styled a model selection, seeing that its leading features are Handel's *Acis and Galatea* (with Mozart's additional accompaniments), and the whole of the music in Weber's charming gipsy opera, *Preciosa*. The second evening concert is in a great measure absorbed by Mozart, excerpts from whose *Nozze di Figaro*, and *Don Giovanni*, as well as the symphony in C, generally known as the "*Jupiter*," are the chief points. In the second part, among other things, the *Rondo Brillante*, for pianoforte, with orchestral accompaniments by Mendelssohn, is set down for Miss Agnes Zimmermann. On the whole, it will be allowed that Dr. Wesley has made out a programme of no ordinary attractions. A little more novelty would have been welcome, and it is much to be regretted that Mr. Macfarren should have been compelled to withdraw his promised oratorio, *John the Baptist*.

The morning and evening services in the cathedral which have done so much to weaken the prejudice entertained by many well-meaning persons against the festival performances being given within its precincts, are to be held, as on previous occasions, day after day. After morning service to-morrow, the usual sermon on behalf of the charity will be preached by the Rev. Canon E. D. Tinsling.

The rehearsal for Bach's *Passion*, *Israel in Egypt*, Mr. Cusins's *Gideon*, (under the direction of its composer), and other sacred pieces, began this morning in the Cathedral at half-past ten, and lasted very nearly six hours. All the principal singers were in attendance. The rehearsal of the most important features comprised in the miscellaneous concerts will be held this evening. The weather to-day has been anything rather than favourable to the prospects of the meeting.

Tuesday, Sept. 5.

The rain which with rare intervals fell throughout yesterday, so as to engender gloomy forebodings about the prospects of the meeting, is "over and gone," and now literally, as Wordsworth expresses it,—

"The green fields sleep in the sun."

The Festival commenced this afternoon at 1 p.m., and commenced for the most part well. The ordinary business of the day was preceded with due solemnity by full cathedral service, in which the members of the Three Choirs took part. The service music was by Orlando Gibbons, one of the most revered of our English Church composers; the anthem was Dr. Boyce's—"Oh, where shall wisdom be found?" Prayers were intoned by the Rev. Mr. Bowman; the first Lesson was read by the Rev. Canon Lysons, and the second by the Rev. Canon Harvey. Beyond stating that the effect was highly impressive, we need say no more about a ceremonial which is, of course, not fit subject for criticism.

The sermon, preached, as had been announced, by the Rev. Canon E. D. Tinsling, was to a text from Malachi, chap. 3, part

of verse 1—"The Lord whom ye seek shall suddenly come to His Temple." The rev. gentleman, who said that, though he had been asked to preach, he was not one of the "Stewards," argued, as it seemed to us, at least, by implication, more strongly in disfavour than in favour of the meetings; and his appeal on behalf of the charity, though urgent and eloquent, was, perhaps, the least important feature of his discourse. We are not inclined to enter into the question with the rev. gentleman, and if we were, this would hardly be the proper time and place for its discussion.

After service a voluntary was played in admirable style upon the organ "specially erected" for the occasion in the south aisle by Messrs. Bryceon, of London, the large instrument which tops the orchestra at the eastern extremity of the nave not being intended for use at the Festival performances. The voluntary to which we refer was in the shape of J. S. Bach's grand and elaborate fugue in B minor—one of the finest of the series to which it belongs; the performer was Mr. J. K. Pyne, Dr. Wesley's most promising and gifted pupil. The congregation was very numerous, and almost entirely filled the now magnificent choir, the Mayor and Corporation of Gloucester attending in full state. When service was over, a collection was made for the charity—not at the doors, as of old, but by means of offertory bags, which were handed round. At intervals, between service and the first oratorio performance, the bells of the cathedral, which have a really musical tone and are beautifully in tune with each other, rang merry peals.

Although the selection given in the church to-day was terribly long, it was, as far as the music selected is concerned, without reference to the style of its execution, interesting from one end to the other; and the attention being continually kept alive, in a great measure atoned for its prolixity. The first part opened with the favourite overture to *Esther*, earliest of the 19 English oratorios of Handel, composed in 1720 for the princely and munificent James Duke of Chandos (for whom *Acis and Galatea* was also composed and written), originally produced at Cannons, then laid aside, and not performed in public till 12 years later. The forerunner of so many great achievements in a style then unknown to England, *Esther* must ever be regarded with interest. The overture has always been, and is likely to remain, one of the most popular pieces in this oratorio—or, more properly speaking, sacred drama, seeing that Humphreys, who prepared the book for Handel, availed himself largely of the well-known work of Racine. The overture, played with great spirit by the orchestra, one of the best ever assembled at Gloucester, was succeeded by the famous "Te Deum Laudamus," composed in 1783 to celebrate the victory of Dettingen—a piece so universally familiar, and of late years heard so frequently, that to say one word about it would be superfluous. That it is never heard to such advantage, or sounds so majestically as in a cathedral church is unquestionable. Dr. Wesley, who directed the performance, takes some of the numbers slower and others quicker than we have been used to; but he has doubtless reasons, and good ones, to offer in defence of the view he entertains. The chorus was in many instances wonderfully effective; as, for example, in the picturesque and splendid "To Thee Cherubim and Seraphim continually do cry," with its measured and stately counter-theme, "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Sabaoth;" again in the pathetic supplication in five-part chorus, "We, therefore, pray Thee help Thy servants," ushered in by the prelude for two trumpets, and more especially at that expressive passage assigned to the trebles in two-part harmony, without accompaniments. Elsewhere the singing was less satisfactory; but, on the whole, the choral display in the *Te Deum* may be conscientiously praised. The solo parts, allotted to Miss Martell and Messrs. E. Lloyd and Lewis Thomas, were carefully done throughout. Miss Martell, pupil of Madame Sainton-Dolby, has a contralto voice of agreeable quality; and Mr. E. Lloyd, tenor, has also a voice from which good things may reasonably be expected. These two, strangers to Gloucester, created a very favourable impression. Mr. Lewis Thomas has long been known here, but on no previous occasion has he sung so uniformly well. The beautiful air, "Vouchsafe, O Lord," a passage in which, "O Lord have mercy upon us," so strongly recalls a similar one in the air in which Mendelssohn's St. Paul declares his contrition,

and entreats for pardon, could scarcely have been given with more genuine feeling and propriety.

At the end of the *Te Deum* there was a short pause, and then the oratorio was proceeded with.

If it be true, as we are informed, that *Jephtha* had not enjoyed the advantage of a general rehearsal, there is a fair explanation of the shortcomings in to-day's performance of Handel's last great oratorio, (one of our most special favourites), a performance with which Dr. Wesley himself could hardly have been satisfied, and which, by general consent, was pronounced very unequal. It might be thought that a work of such importance should not have been undertaken at all without adequate preparation. It is the system which, however, calls for animadversion,—the hurried way in which, at these festivals, things are too often scrambled over. The singers and players, under the circumstances, are rather to be pitied than condemned. The oratorio was given with the additional accompaniments of Mr. Arthur Sullivan, which were so deservedly praised when first heard at Mr. Barnby's oratorio concerts, and which gain with every hearing. A task of such responsibility could hardly have been accomplished with more delicate reserve; and this while nothing is left undone that one could imagine ought to have been done. Abandoning any idea of criticising the performance of *Jephtha*, from which, as was inevitable, a great many pieces were omitted, we may briefly say that among the choruses most effectively delivered was "O God, behold our sore distress," in which Handel soars to the sublimity of pathos, and that among those most plainly open to caviar was "Cherubim and Seraphim." The chief solo parts were intrusted to Mdlle. Tietjens (Iphis), Madame Patey (Storge), Mr. Vernon Rigby (Jephtha), and Signor Foli (Zebul). Mdlle. Tietjens shone conspicuously in the air "Happy they," with its expressive peroration, "Sinking in the arms of death," and again in the gracefully tuneful "Farewell, ye limpid streams;" Madame Patey, in the air, "Scenes of horror," with its introductory recitative, made one of the strongest impressions of the day; Mr. Vernon Rigby, to whom the whole of the tenor music was assigned, showed a thorough comprehension of it. He was particularly happy in "Open thy marble jaws, O tomb," and the touching recitative, "Deeper and deeper still." Signor Foli took commendable pains with the recitatives for solo bass, all of which he declaimed with intelligence. To Miss Martell (Hamor) was assigned the recitative, "Glad tidings," and a part in the quartet, "O spare thy daughter," with Madame Patey, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Signor Foli. As the performance of *Jephtha* did not terminate till nearly 5 o'clock, and the mail leaves this place at 6.25, it would be impossible to enter into further particulars, were that even requisite, which is happily not the case. We are sorry to add that the attendance in the cathedral was by no means so large as could have been wished, the aisles and transepts being nearly empty. Some attribute this to the prices charged for admission to those parts of the building (5s. and 3s. 6d. respectively), which, they maintain, are unnecessarily high, and keep away the townsfolk; others lay it to the account of the expected performance of Haydn's *Creation* this evening, when the cathedral is to be lighted up, to which people may go in plain dress, and to which the charges for admission in nave, gallery, and transepts, are more moderate than at the oratorios in the morning.

To-morrow *Elijah* is expected to bring its usual crowd in the day; and a full attendance to the first miscellaneous concert is anticipated at night. The city of Gloucester is crowded with visitors, a larger number of whom, one would think, might, without detriment, give more substantial support to the festival, which so directly benefits the town and its inhabitants.

Wednesday, Sept. 6.

Anticipations were fully realised this day. *Elijah*, the sacred masterpiece of modern times, the greatest masterpiece since the *Missa Solemnis* in D of Beethoven, and, if immaculate purity of design and development, together with a thoroughly symmetrical whole, is taken into account, greater even than that, showed that its attraction, instead of diminishing, constantly increases. The cathedral was crowded in every part; nave, gallery, aisles, and transepts were so full that it seems difficult to understand how a larger number of people can by any means be accommodated at the performance of *Messiah* on Friday, which everybody will attend as

a matter of course. Not only at the Birmingham Festival, for which it was expressly written, and at which it was produced under the illustrious musician's own direction in August, 1846, does *Elijah* prove invariably thus attractive. The festivals of the Three Choirs of Gloucester, Worcester, and Hereford are under equal obligations. *Elijah* was first heard in Gloucester at the meeting of 1847, the year after its production at the memorable festival in Birmingham, and has since been repeatedly given here, with what results it is unnecessary to state. Until the institution of the Sacred Harmonic Society, which, as all the musical world is aware, at once recognised the transcendent merits of *Elijah*, and gave four performances in 1847, which Mendelssohn, who died in November of the same year, himself superintended and conducted, no oratorio even of Handel, not forgetting the incomparable *Messiah*, had been performed half as often in the course of the same period of time. The fact is gratifying to those amateurs and critics who, from the first, without hesitation, acknowledged and spoke of it as an *opus magnum*—the prime effort of the most gifted of then living composers. Nothing approaching to *Elijah*, on a similar scale and in a similar style, has in any part of Europe been given to the world since Mendelssohn's death, and as things progress (or retrograde, we may say, just now), there is little hope of seeing anything approaching to it for years and years to come.

But a new disquisition on *Elijah* is hardly required. Nor is it necessary to write many words about the manner in which it was executed to-day under Dr. Wesley's superintendence. To go into details about either the work or the performance, would, in fact, be superfluous. Enough that the soprano music was divided between Madame Cora de Wilhorst (who the day previously had attempted the solo part in Mendelssohn's beautiful psalm, "Hear my prayer") and Mdle. Tietjens—the first part devolving upon the new singer, the second upon the accomplished veteran; that the contralto music in the first part was chiefly assigned to Miss Martell, and in the second to Madame Patey; that the chief tenor in Part I. was Mr. Bentham, and in Part II. Mr. Vernon Rigby; that to Signor Foli, bass, was allotted the whole of the music of the Prophet; and that Miss H. R. Harrison, Messrs. Brandon and Hunt (both of Gloucester Cathedral) assisted in the double quartet, "For He shall give His angels charge," and other concerted pieces. Each worked zealously, and with excellent results. The performance, in short, was altogether good; for though there had been no general rehearsal for *Elijah*, its music is so familiar to our singers, that perhaps a general rehearsal was not absolutely indispensable—a very different case from that of so unfamiliar a work as Handel's *Jephtha*, with which studious musicians alone are thoroughly acquainted. Certainly the choruses of *Elijah*—from "Help, Lord! wilt Thou quite destroy us?" to "Thanks be to God," in Part I., and from "Be not afraid," to "And then shall your light break forth," in Part II.—were in the greater number of instances sung with energy and power; so much so that it was grievous to witness the interruption caused by a general "exit" from the church during a very fine performance of the last-named chorus—a chorus unparalleled since Handel, and rarely surpassed even by him. Such a proceeding was little short of barbarism;—it might, indeed, be called profanity, the theme, scope, and wonderful earnestness of this magnificent outpouring of praise and thanksgiving taken into consideration. At all events, we decline to believe that any one who, for the sake of being earliest at lunch, could leave the Cathedral while "Thanks be to God" was going on, cared one straw for the music, however they might respect its purport.

The evening performance last night in the Cathedral, which was lighted up for the occasion, and looked indescribably beautiful, was not so great a success as at Hereford last year. The attendance on the whole was good, but not nearly so crowded as had been anticipated. The first part of the programme comprised a selection from Haydn's *Creation*, commencing with the orchestral prelude, *Representation of Chaos*, and terminating with the jubilant "Achieved is the glorious work." The second part was devoted to a selection from *Israel in Egypt*, in which the chorus had the lion's share. This must be recorded as, on the whole, a "scratch" performance, the choral pieces in the *Creation*, so much less complex and difficult than the majority of those which form the most striking and characteristic features of *Israel*, being in

regard to execution proportionately successful. "The Heavens are telling" and "Achieved is the glorious work" (*Creation*), were sung with vigorous good will, and, with rare exceptions, with precision. The more elaborate choruses in Handel's great "Biblical Oratorio," the Veritable Colossus of choral art, were in some particular instances less fortunate, among those especially open to criticism being "He led them through the deep," with its tremendous peroration, "But the waters overwhelmed their enemies" (Part I.), "Thy right hand O Lord," and "With the blast of thy nostrils" (Part II.). Others were more effective, and indeed, so thoroughly is the music of Handel known by our "provincial" singers, and more especially the *Messiah* and *Israel*, that, under less unfavourable conditions—by which we mean under conditions of adequate preparation and supervision—there is no imaginable reason why the chorus should not be given with as much point and accuracy as at Exeter Hall, when Sir Michael Costa is conducting the performances of the Sacred Harmonic Society. Mdle. Tietjens, who was scarcely in full possession of her powers at the morning performance, was all that could be wished last night. She was equally happy in the air, "Thou didst blow with Thy wind," with its remarkable ground bass accompaniment, and in the solos of the Prophetess, Miriam. These usher in the glorious choral peroration to the *Song of Moses*—the second part of the oratorio, though written first—"The Lord shall reign for ever and ever," which comprises a repetition of the triumphant episode, "The horse and his rider," just as in the *Requiem* of Mozart the last chorus is, for the most part, but a repetition of the first. The other solo singers in *Israel* were Mr. Vernon Rigby, who gave "The enemy said," an air of which Mr. Sims Reeves was first to see the worth, and first to make a prominent feature with remarkable earnestness and vigour; Mr. Lloyd, to whom were assigned the opening recitatives preceding the long chain of choruses descriptive of the plagues in Part I.; Signor Foli and Mr. Lewis Thomas, who threw all the physical energy and all the mental strength that were in them into their delivery of the obstreperous duet, "The Lord is a man of war." The two duets for women's voices were omitted, but Madame Patey, deprived also of the contralto air "Their land brought forth frogs" (Part I.), took ample revenge, in the devotional apostrophe, "Thou shalt bring them in" (Part II.), which she sang in her very best manner.

The weather has once more become unpropitious. The splendid sunshine of yesterday has been succeeded by dense and impenetrable clouds to-day, and the rain is incessant. This bodes ill for the first miscellaneous concert to-night, many as are its attractions. J. S. Bach's *Passion according to St. Matthew*, and *Gideon*, the new oratorio of Mr. W. G. Cousins, are the chief points in the seemingly almost interminable programme of to-morrow.

A word may be added to correct an error in yesterday's article on the Festival. Mr. J. K. Pyne played Bach's Pedal Fugue in B minor, not on the temporary organ, but on the organ belonging to the cathedral.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR.—Some two years ago a deal of discussion arose concerning the adoption of the "French Musical Pitch" in England, but after a short time the subject dropped. The opposers to the alteration—principally the instrumentalists—fondly imagined that they had gained their point—they were mistaken. I am happy to say that the "French Pitch" has been gaining ground every day all over the world, and it is now a settled fact that next season will see the adoption of the "Normal diapason" by the Italian Operas, together with most of our best Musical Societies throughout the United Kingdom. Mdle. Christine Nilsson—who wrote a letter to me some time since upon the subject—has also used the continental pitch in her American tour, and with great success. Let all lovers of the vocal art hope that now the worth of the "French Pitch" has at last been admitted, we may have heard the last of this vexed question.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

C. J. BISHENDEN,

Author of "The Voice, and How to use it," &c.

52, Mortimer St., Cavendish Square, W.,
Sept. 5, 1871.

PRESSBURG.—Tausig's widow intends establishing here a pianoforte school for ladies, on the model of that established by her husband in Berlin.

THE TROUBADOUR:

AN ORIGINAL PASTORAL,

BY AUGUSTUS MAYHEW.

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MARGATE.

THREE DAYS ARE SUPPOSED TO HAVE ELAPSED SINCE ACT I.

SCENE II. represents a private sitting-room, overlooking the Harbour of Margate. Through the open window the masts of the vessels, at anchor, are seen. At the rising of the curtain CLARISSA is discovered with her eyes pensively bent downwards, whilst WILLIAM EAGLES, Esq., reads his paper.

W. Eagles, Esq. There is no news—no news! (Puts down paper.)

Clarissa (aside.) Would I could hear some news of him!

W. Eagles, Esq. The papers are scarce worth reading—worth reading.

Clarissa (after sighing—aside.) My heart will break.

W. Eagles, Esq. (rising.) Cheer up, my only child and heiress; dispel this settled gloom and canker at your heart. I had hoped this change of air and scene would have won back the roses to your cheeks. (Aside.) I will try to rouse her from her stubborn sadness. (Aloud.) The company last night at the "Hall-by-the-Sea" was both select and numerous! Did you dance, my girl?

Clarissa (with evident effort.) No, I did sit!

W. Eagles, Esq. (pointing through the window.) See the gay crowd gathers on the jetty! Shall we join them, my treasured lamb!

Clarissa (entreatingly.) I am very wretched and weary! I would much prefer that you did not talk!

W. Eagles, Esq. Be it so, my cherished one! (Takes up the paper, resumes his seat, and is soon deeply interested in the contents of the journal. Clarissa approaches the window, gazes forth, and sighs.)

Clarissa. The London boat approaches! I can clearly distinguish the black smoke trailing over the horizon. Were I certain that he paced yon wave-washed deck, how blithely would I hasten adown the jetty to welcome him ashore. But my cruel destiny forbids such happiness!

Cabaletta.

When happy hearts the jetty throng,

And beauty keeps the scene alive,

With weary steps I creep along,

To watch the London boat arrive!

With rapid glance I sweep the deck!

In vain I seek his beaming eye!

Fond arms encircle every neck—

Alone I stand, and wish to die!

O where is he? my hope! my joy!

My pretty man! my prince, my king!

He comes not, that sweet minstrel boy!

And jealous pangs my bosom wring!

When rank and fashion crowd the pier,

And sauntering lovers, hand in hand,

Whisper sweet vows to straining ear,

Nor heed the music of the band;

I throb with envy whilst I gaze

On couples wrapt in joy divine,

And dream of happy bygone days,

When such delicious treats were mine!

O where is he? my hope! my joy!

My pretty man! my prince, my king!

He comes not, that sweet minstrel boy!

Homeward I creep, a lifeless thing! [weeps.]

W. Eagles, Esq. (rising, and throwing aside the paper.) Perchance a glass of wine will restore your strength. (Rings the bell.) I am an advocate for a moderate use of the stimulating liquid, and consider it a valuable medicine (meditates).

Enter BETSY, with decanter and glasses.

Betsy (aside.) What a cruel lot is mine! At the beck and call of all who are rich enough to take these apartments. How sad it makes me to be obliged to serve others with those very luxuries I so greatly desire to enjoy myself!

SOLO (lento).

Wine, sugar, tea, fruits rare and sweet;

Game, jellies, tarts, each day hot meat—

It is my fate to serve and see them eat.

(Puts down the wine, and exit.)

* Continued from page 552.

W. Eagles, Esq. (filling a glass). My child, I drink to your health and happiness.

SONG (con brio, and flourishing his glass).

Wine! wine! loved drink divine,
Blood of the blooming grape!
Vine! Vine! in foreign clime!
Dear native of the Cape! (Sips)

Fill! fill! high up, until
The nectar reach the rim,
Still! still! the ruby rill
Must bubble to the brim. (Sips)

Pour! pour! drink I adore!
I'll take it till I float!
More! more! my tears implore,
To drown my thirsty throat.

(Finishes his glass.)

(Speaking.) This wine, though far from expensive, is not unpleasant.

Clarissa (aside.) This revelry suits me not, I will retire to the solitude of my chamber.

[Exit.]

W. Eagles, Esq. This Margate air is so invigorating, I could eat shrimps from morn till night.

Capriccio.

The Margate air! the Margate air!

The best I know of anywhere;

For first-rate air, for first-rate air,

Go there! go there!

Yes, thither let all repair,

At once repair!

Blowing straight from German Ocean,

Go where you will, I do not care,

But nothing comes up to my notion,

Of fine sea air, both salt and rare,

Like Margate's, blowing from the Ocean!

There's no disease 't' which flesh is heir

That will not yield to Margate air!

Though you have no appetite,

Half a week will set you right!

If your frame has gone to pieces,

And your strength each day decreases,

If your functions will not act,

Or is your nervous system racked?

Do not despair! do not despair!

For Margate air,

Blowing fresh from German Ocean,

Will soon repair your wear and tear,

Better than Doctor's pill or potion!

In Cliftonville

One can't be ill;

And no one ought

Up on the Fort;

Marine Parade

For health was made;

Walk on the sands,

List to the bands,

Dips in the sea,

Shrimps for your tea,

Focus your glasses

At bathing lasses;

Weighing machines,

For fats and leans;

Sail in the boats,

Fondle the goats,

And sweet jackasses;

So quick time passes,

Yes! too quick passes!

That I could swear, the Margate air,

Blowing straight from German Ocean,

Will soon repair your wear and tear

Before you've formed the slightest notion,

Yes! better far than pill or potion!

Exit, as Clarissa enters. She is very sad.

Clarissa. Shall I never know rest again?

[sighs.]

GRAND SCENA.

(To be continued.)

PROVINCIAL.

MARGATE.—A correspondent writes us as follows:—

"The charming concerts given in the 'Hall by the Sea,' at this popular seaside resort, are a great boon to visitors who seek for an evening's amusement. There is a good band of twenty performers, all selected from the orchestras of the London opera-houses, conducted by Mr. Thaddeus Wells. On one or more evenings during the week selections of high-class music are given, which are duly appreciated by the audiences. The singers engaged during the last fortnight have been Madame Thaddeus Wells, Madame Fanny Huddart, and Mr. Arthur Byron. The gentleman has been very successful, earning 'encores' for most of his songs. The plaintive aria from *L'Elisir d'Amore*, 'Una furtiva lagrima,' was most chastely sung by him the other evening, and subsequently he made a great hit in Mr. Wilford Morgan's popular song, 'My sweetheart when a boy,' which he has repeated 'by desire' on several occasions."

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—To give encouragement to Art is just and right; to applaud things much below mediocrity is unjust and wrong. Assenting to these propositions, I would ask whether the present Covent Garden audiences agree with them, as their demonstrations show a want of distinction between the two? I have heard the *Messiah* well performed; but what took place at Covent Garden last Friday as a performance of the *Messiah* was something quite unique. The *Sacred Oratorio* without its choruses is worse than Shakspeare's *Hamlet* without the Prince of Denmark. And England must indeed be badly off for singers, if only one of the four principals can be found able to render the solos. Or perhaps it is that ladies of other countries are supposed to be able to pronounce the Scriptural words of that Oratorio better than English ladies. In like manner we are necessitated, it seems, to get an "American Cousin" to sing the bass solos. Our country, not to put too fine a point upon it, is scandalized by such a proceeding, from whatever cause it arises. English artists are ignored. Of course they are; in the opinion of many, their being English is their tane. Will English men and women not listen to an English woman singing "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and to an English man singing "The people that walked in darkness"? My belief is that they would. Nor do I think it is their desire to be betrayed in this regard. The conclusion that may be drawn from this by other nations,—that the country in which Handel lived, in which he composed the *Messiah*, and in which alone its traditional rendering is known, is without singers able to do justice to this music—is false; and I, for one, protest against its being drawn, and I call upon my brother and sister artists to stand up to proclaim its falseness. An English public is generosity itself; but justice before generosity is an axiom to which we profess to hold. The consequence, however, is, that foreign incapacity too often passes without rebuke—nay, too frequently, it is applauded as sterling merit. In other countries in which I have lived, however, it is not so received. To suppose that English vocal art is always beneath foreign vocal art is wrong, as much so as to suppose that when a song is *encored* it always merits it. Here again the generosity of the English public amounts to weakness, for sometimes it positively allows an "exhibitress" to *encore* herself. The most notable instance of this, within my remembrance, took place last Friday evening at Covent Garden, during the performance of the second part of the concert. The artists who were present will, I am sure, mentally confirm this statement. This was a scandal. Is nothing to be done to prevent the repetition of these evils?—Your constant reader,

MILDEW MUSTY.

Fungus Marsh, Sept. 4th.

THE OBERAMMERGAU PASSION PLAY.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—The difficulty of obtaining accommodation at Oberammergau is so great that probably many of your readers will be glad to learn that excellent quarters can be had at Oberau, which is only 70 minutes' walk or drive from Oberammergau. Very comfortable rooms and good living can be obtained at the large roadside inn at Oberau. We were also lucky enough to get tickets there last Sunday for Monday's performance. We heard that 1,200 people failed to get tickets, and that upwards of 3,000 heard the repetition performance on Tuesday last. One should start from Oberau at 6 a.m. in order to secure seats at the play. Those who can walk will do well to do so, as (owing to a steep and long hill between Oberau and Oberammergau) a pedestrian can beat a two-horse carriage over the distance.—I am, sir, yours, faithfully,

P. P.

Inst, August.

A TERRIBLE NIGHT.

It happened twice. When I went to my work after each service, I found that the reed stops had been pulled out, against my express desire; and all my labour—as I chose to believe—had been wasted. Perhaps organ-builders, as a rule, are bad-tempered men. I am, and I own to it at once. You may guess, then, that I was not much inclined to rejoice when I heard that there was to be an eleven o'clock service on the night of New Year's Eve. "You will have the kindness," I said sternly to the beardless little schoolmaster who played during the absence of the regular organist, "not to use the reed stops." "All right, sir"—he simpered. "All right, was it? We should see. 'It is hard enough'—I blustered—"to be sent for to such a job at this time of year. I don't care to have to do it half a dozen times instead of once—through your obstinacy." "All right"—he smiled once more. "But shall you not be at church yourself?" "I think there are various spots where I would rather be in the middle of a winter night"—said I, turning on my heel. But, all the same, my mind was made up to go. It was a great old gloomy church of three aisles, with a heavy tower. Very beautiful it might have been made, with Mr. Scott's assistance; but very gaunt and bare and unbeautiful the five thousand parishioners of St. Mark's were content to allow it to remain. The best part of it was the organ, a fine instrument by Bernhard Schmidt, and fit for a cathedral.

Perhaps it was natural that the friends of St. Mark should be proud of his bells (there not being much else in the neighbourhood to boast of); but I always shuddered when I heard them, and hastened to my lodgings (which were out of hearing), with my teeth on edge, and metaphorical wool in my ears. Always, I say, until this New Year's Eve, when, as they turned up for the extraordinary midnight service, I hastened in the other direction, into the very shadow of St. Mark's tower, under the very clash of the bells. I crept up to the gallery, opened the side door of the instrument, and (after looking cautiously around, to be sure I was alone), bolted in with a congratulatory chuckle, and shut it all up as before. I heard very little of the reading; what I did hear I did not heed; but the playing?—Yes, I did hear that, very distinctly indeed; with a rather painful distinctness. What with the squeaking of the treble stops, and the creaking of the bellows, and the buzzing and booming of the pedal-pipes, mine was anything but an enviable position.

The canticles and the hymns were over at last; but then, to my great dismay, I found that during the collection there was to be a voluntary. I gleaned no comfort even from the pleasant thought that they would not bring the plate to me. The little organist was in his element now—at least he seemed to think so. In the very vibration alone I could feel the evident elevation of his spirits. His feet danced on the pedals; his fingers tripped on the keys; I could see in imagination the rolling of his conceited little head, as he added absurd little trills and shakes to Rossini's "Carita." Presently, as I expected, out came the Cremona stop; but as he did not expect it, in it went again at a touch of mine. Yet actually, in the very face of that, out popped the Hautboy? In it went in the twinkling of an eye, and I could distinguish that, for an instant, the busy hands quavered uselessly, as if in a panic. Then the little musician seemed to renew his vagaries with a movement of desperation, as if he had summoned all his efforts for another trial. Rather slowly and cautiously the Clarion stop was drawn out. Rather quickly and incautiously it was pushed in again! The notes ceased suddenly. A very extraordinary silence fell on the church, and I chuckled in my packing-case over the novel and abrupt termination of "La Carita," in the middle of a bar.

The sermon was over, but no voluntary was forthcoming. Aha!—he was afraid of the haunted instrument. Presently I should hear him lock the organ; then I would rush out upon him like an accusing spirit. How he should cower and quake! The singers straggled down from the gallery, but there was no sound or movement in the organ-loft. He must have gone to speak to some one. What a long time he was! There was not a step to be heard now in all the church. What had he to gossip about while he left his organ open?—I grew impatient; I would come out and meet him on his return. Perhaps, after all, he was there in the silence, staring at his music; thinking how, next time he played, he would improve Handel, or enliven Bach.

I crept into the outer world, rather glad to leave my cramped position. Ah!—What was this?—Darkness!—a heavy damp, unearthly darkness. The rascal!—sneaking away and leaving the organ open in this way. The arrant little coward!—Had he crept off because he was afraid of the supernatural agency which had pushed back the stops?—for I never guessed that he could have forgotten; I, who nearly always had some organ or other upon my mind. I closed it first carefully, then I began to think about myself, partly because various bruises forced themselves on my attention, partly because there seemed to be nothing else to think about.

Cobb.

(To be continued.)

THE LATE MR. WALTER MONTGOMERY.

The suicide of Walter Montgomery will produce a universal expression of regret. Married on the Wednesday, he killed himself on the Friday. Mr. Montgomery was forty-four. He had been connected with the profession for about twenty years. He was originally engaged in commerce, but from his youth showed a strong inclination for the drama, and frequently assisted in amateur performances. His first professional appearance was at the New Royalty (then Miss Kelly's Theatre). His success was sufficient to secure provincial engagements. Having gone the round, he entered into arrangements for a short series of performances at the Princess's, where he came out as Othello. Subsequently he appeared at Drury Lane. He then took the new theatre at Nottingham, where he was so successful as to encourage him to accept an engagement in Australia. Here he had a triumphant career. He proceeded to California, and made a tour of the United States. On his return to England he took the Gaiety for one month, and although the experiment was not remunerative, his impersonations of some of the highest characters of the national drama brought him encouraging encomiums.

The inquest was held before Mr. Langham, at Sadler's Hotel, Albemarle Street. The evidence, indefinite in some respects, justified the verdict. Mr. Melton saw Mr. Montgomery on Wednesday, when he appeared in good health, and buoyant in spirits. He knew deceased had contemplated again visiting Australia. Had made arrangements for starting with his wife, and had paid the passage. The Gaiety speculation had not been a success. Mr. Montgomery was a man of great application, and study might have had something to do with operating on his nerves. The widow—Mrs. Laleah Montgomery—deposed that on Friday her husband appeared cast down, which she attributed to his unprofitable speculation at the Gaiety. After looking over a box, he said, "I feel so depressed, that suicide may be my lot. Good-bye, Tilley, I am gone," and left the room. Witness then heard a report, and screamed out to the landlady that her husband had killed himself. The room where her husband had committed suicide was not locked, and he was discovered dead on the floor, with a pistol at his side. Mr. Montgomery's manager said that he did not believe his losses at the Gaiety would have any effect on Mr. Montgomery. He had money to meet all exigencies, and much experience in theatrical business. Dr. Harding, who made a post-mortem examination, said a bullet went clean through the roof of the mouth, and struck against the back part of the skull. The pistol must have been fired into the mouth. The coroner, in summing up, said the case was a most distressing one, and the jury returned a verdict of "suicide while of unsound mind." Much more evidence was presented, but it was of a painful and strictly private character.

THE GAIETY THEATRE.

The Gaiety, having survived its brief visitation of the "legitimate," is itself again, or, if not quite itself, more natural. By way of novelty, the management has produced the *Grand Duchess*. The reception of the piece was enthusiastic. No doubt this was a delicate expression on the part of the British public of the estimation in which the house and company are held. The performance is, however, in itself, sufficient to command approval. Miss Julia Matthews sings the music of the *Grand Duchess* to perfection; Mr. C. Lyall is, of course, a capital Fritz, Mr. J. D. Stoye, as Prince Paul, is, as usual, amusing, Mr. Aynsley Cooke is a vigorous General Boom, and Miss Constance Loseby plays Wanda in a manner which leaves nothing to be desired. It is pleasant to find this attractive house once more open to the public.

"A NEW KNIGHT."

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Under this heading, in the paragraph quoted from the *Observer* in *The Times* of this morning, there appears an error which I crave permission to correct. Mr. John Gilbert is therein designated a member of the Royal Academy. This is a mistake. Mr. Gilbert, on whom the honour of knighthood is to be conferred, is the president of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours, and it is generally understood that the dignity is offered to the president of this distinguished body of artists as a public recognition of an art which in its modern form of expression is peculiarly British, and which the Society of Painters in Water-Colours, as the representative institution from its foundation in 1804, has done so much to foster and elevate.—I have the honour to be, &c.,
Garriok Club, Aug. 21.

J. J. J.

BREAKFAST.—EPPS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—The very agreeable character of this preparation has rendered it a general favourite.—*The Civil Service Gazette* remarks:—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctor's bills." Each packet is labelled: JAMES EPPS & CO., Homoeopathic Chemists, London. Also makers of Epps's Cocoa, a very thin evening beverage.

ABOUT THE BEETHOVEN CENTENARY.

BONN-GASSE AND RHEIN-GASSE.

In the *Athenæum* of August 19 we read as follows:—

"From the Hall to the Bonn-Gasse it is but a short distance by the river bank, just where the steamers from Holland land their passengers. The Bonn-Gasse is one of the narrowest and dirtiest streets in Bonn. About half-a-dozen houses up the street, going from the Rhine, a dilapidated building is seen, over the entrance to which is a stone slab, on which the letters have been cut out:—*L. Van Beethoven Geburtshaus*. The persons occupying the ground-floor seen surprised when a stranger asks to see the room in which Beethoven was born. On ascending to the second floor by a broken-down staircase, there is a suite of four rooms, which were occupied by Johann Beethoven and his family. In the parish church of St. Remigius is the register of his marriage with a widow, Maria Magdalena, daughter of the chief cook of the fort of Ehrenbrestein, the husband, Johann, being a tenor-singer in the Electoral Chapel. The room in which Beethoven was born is now occupied by a cobbler, Max Schrafenholz, who, whilst hammering soles, has sympathies beyond his last, and will discourse musical reminiscences of the musician who first drew breath in the opposite corner of the room in which he sits at his stall. It is a miserable chamber, to which light is alone admitted by two narrow casements, from which a dirty yard with ruined buildings in the rear can be seen! Why do not the Germans purchase the house in the Bonn-Gasse, as we have done the cottage at Stratford-on-Avon, where Shakespeare was born? Beethoven's house should be preserved as a national relic."

In the *Athenæum* of August 26 we read as follows:—

"In speaking, last week, of the street in which Beethoven was born, we should have called it the Rhein-Gasse, and not the Bonn-Gasse. The Beethoven family lived in several streets in Bonn, and the vexed question for the inhabitants is, whether the composer was born in the Bonn-Gasse or in the Rhein Gasse. The *Bonner Zeitung* affirms that it was in the former street, at No. 20 (or 515), and visitors are invited to inspect the *Geburtszimmer* in the *Kleidermagazin* of Solgmann, over the door of whose house is the inscription: '*In diesem Hause wurde geboren Ludwig van Beethoven, geboren 17. December, 1770*'; but Max Schrafenholz, the cobbler, of 934, Rhein-Gasse, has also his declaratory slab in almost worn-out gilt letters, claiming the room in which he is repairing soles as the one in which Beethoven first breathed. Now, tradition is in favour of the Rhein-Gasse; for old people who have lived here upwards of half a century cling to the miserable house near the Rhine as the genuine p'ace. The error as to the 'Bonn-Gasse' has probably arisen from the fact that the eldest son of Johann Beethoven, who was also christened Ludwig, was born in the Bonn-Gasse and died in his infancy in the house 514 (or 20). Where the brothers Caspar (1774) and Nicholas John (1776) were born, can interest no one; but even the very day of Ludwig van Beethoven's birth is a matter of uncertainty—he certainly never knew himself whether it was on the 16th or 17th of December, 1770. Visitors to the Bonn Beethoven Festival have naturally paid a visit to the cemetery where Niebuhr, Schlegel, Bunsen, Schumann, and others, are interred. The admirers of the unfortunate Robert Schumann will find that his resting-place is better preserved than is the grave in which the remains of Mendelssohn are interred at Berlin. In a kind of square above of trees is a simple stone in the Bonn grave-yard, on which are inscribed the words, 'Robert Schumann, geboren 8. June 1810, gestorben 20. July 1855.' The grave itself is strewn with laurel leaves, and there is a wreath in the centre."

At the end of its third and concluding article the *Athenæum* says:—

"The conclusion of a German festival is a banquet, and this was given on board the Humboldt steamer, during an excursion to Hollandseck; the speeches of the authorities of the town, the committee of the Festival, and of the professors of the University, were earnest in their Art aspirations. There was one sign of the times which will be agreeable to English ears—an appeal on behalf of this country, as a musical nation, which had recognized Handel, Beethoven, Mozart, and Mendelssohn, and which had been represented at the Festival by Sterndale Bennett, met with rapturous response from the Germans. This is as it should be. Beethoven belongs to the world; and the Festival in his honour was essentially international."

The appeal referred to was an animated speech addressed to the committee and the united guests after dinner on board the steamboat, by Mr. C. L. Gruneisen.

In answer to many inquiries, we may state here that the "pitch" employed at the recent Beethoven Festival, in Bonn, was something short of half a tone lower than the pitch still, in spite of the efforts of Mr. Joseph Barnby, adhered to here, and of which the organ in the Albert Hall may be said to be the "highest" representative.

SAIZBURG.—A grand concert was given at the Mozarteum, in honour of the birthday of his Imperial Majesty Franz Joseph I.

WARSAW.—The committee for erecting a monument to Chopin have commissioned a sculptor of the name of Boleslav Syrovicz to furnish a bust of the renowned composer.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.

The Promenade Concerts now going on at Covent-garden Theatre under the direction of M. Rivière, with Mr. Edward Murray as his acting manager, deserve praise for the spirit with which they are conducted. The pleasant look of the interior, and the additional comfort in what used to be in strict propriety termed the "Promenade," now secured by the long range of stall chairs in front of the orchestra, enabling people to listen to the music without the perpetual and noisy interruptions which were the only drawback to the memorable concerts of M. Jullien, are of themselves inducements. The internal arrangements, irrespective of the musical department, need not be described.

M. Rivière has a numerous orchestra under his control, each section being represented by players of acknowledged experience; he has also a military band selected from the Royal Artillery and Grenadier Guards, and a chorus of adequate efficiency.

The character of the programmes in all essential particulars resembles what the public has been used to at such entertainments. We have at intervals "classical" orchestral music and sacred music, chosen from the works of the great masters, ballad music from the most popular composers, "operatic selections" on the approved pattern, and, as a matter of course, dance music. The classical pieces, which on stated evenings constitute the first part of the programme, as in the time of the late Alfred Mellon, are conducted by Mr. Arthur Sullivan, a gentleman it is scarcely requisite to add thoroughly competent for the task, while the execution of the lighter music is directed by M. Rivière himself—an expert, as all who have heard the concerts in the Alhambra Palace are aware. The solo singers are Mdles. Liebhart, Rubini, and Cornélie D'Anka, Mesdames Rudersdorff, Haydee Abrek, and Cora de Wilhoret, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. Whitney, the American bass, the fame of whose performances at the concerts of the Handel and Haydn Society in the capital of New England had already reached our shores. As instrumental solo players, M. Rivière has secured the aid of four violinists, among whom are three ladies—Mdles. Jenny Claus, Thérèse Liebe, and Vittoria di Bono; and one gentleman—Mr. Viotti Collins; four pianists—Mdle. Carreno, Madame Julia Wolff, Miss Flora Heilbron, and the Chevalier Antoine de Koutski; and as principal cornet-à-piston, Mr. H. Reynolds. The majority of these artists have already appeared on more than one occasion.

A fair estimate of the character of the entertainments may be taken from the special concerts of last week. The first, to use the conventional phrase, was a "Beethoven night," on which occasion the Pastoral Symphony, and the overtures to *Egmont* and *Fidelio*, were extremely well given under the direction of Mr. Sullivan. Besides these we had the last two movements of the concerto in E flat, for pianoforte and orchestra, the pianoforte part by Madame Julia Wolff; and the *andante* and *finale* from the famous sonata for pianoforte and violin dedicated to Kreutzer, played with great spirit by Mdles. Carreno and Jenny Claus; the contralto air, "In questa tomba oscura," by Madame de Meric Lablache; and Rocco's song from *Fidelio*, by Mr. Whitney. This was an attractive programme, and the performance gave general satisfaction. On Friday the first part was devoted to excerpts from the *Messiah*, comprising the overture, "Comfort ye my people" (Mr. E. Lloyd); "I know that my Redeemer liveth" (Madame Rudersdorff); "The people that walked in darkness" (Mr. Whitney); "He was despised" (Madame Lablache); the "Pastoral Symphony"; "Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron" (Mr. E. Lloyd—encored and repeated); "Rejoice greatly" (Madame Rudersdorff); "Why do the nations" (Mr. Whitney); and "But thou didst not leave His soul in hell" (Madame Rudersdorff). The selection from Handel, conducted by Mr. Arthur Sullivan was evidently enjoyed and continually applauded. The concert on Saturday night was of the ordinary "Promenade" type—"miscellaneous," and gathered from all sources. Overtures by Rossini and Hérold; a violin solo by Mdle. di Bono; pianoforte solos by Mdles. Flora Heilbron and Carreno; a Triumphant March (*The return of Richard Cœur de Lion*), for orchestra, military band, and chorus, by Prince Poniatowski; a grand serio-comic fantasia (*The United Service*), on popular English tunes connected with the Army and Navy, the composition of M. Rivière; a "grand selection" from Gounod's *Faust*, for orchestra and chorus; a lively new waltz, "The Bridesmaids," by Mr. Dan Godfrey; and a no less lively new quadrille by M. Arban, on airs from the *Princesse de Trébizonde*, with vocal solos, by Mdle. D'Anka, Miss Emrick, Mr. Whitney, and Mdle. Liebhart, the last named receiving an enthusiastic encore in Mr. G. B. Allen's pretty ballad, "Little bird so sweetly singing" (accompanied on the flute by Mr. H. Young), were among the chief features of the programme, to describe which in detail is unnecessary. Enough that a large audience, if we may judge by the repeated applause, was more than pleased by the entertainment. It should be added that, instead of the "Xylophon," which Master Bonnay used to manipulate with such agility, we have now the "Crystal-phonicon," so called, a new specimen of musical glasses, upon which

Mr. Arthur Lincoln (from New Orleans) performs with his right hand, while accompanying himself on the pianoforte with his left. This exhibition of skill, a nightly feature, is invariably hailed with satisfaction.

On Wednesday in the present week we had a "Mendelssohn night," with the *Hebrides Overture* and the Scotch Symphony, conducted by Mr. Sullivan; on Thursday, a Ballad Concert; and on Friday, *Elijah*.

FOUR LETTERS ON ONE SUBJECT.

"Who shall decide, when doctors disagree?"

No. I.

SIR,—In the *Times* of to-day there is an able and very interesting outline of Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's biography of the Kembles. Will you allow me from my own personal knowledge to correct a mistake—or at least to offer an explanation? Mr. Fitzgerald says: "Mrs. Siddons was domesticated with Mrs. Greathead, of Guy's Cliff, which has given rise to an infinity of conjecture and dispute. There are those now living, and I myself am one of them, who have frequently seen Mrs. Siddons at Guy's Cliff, who knew Mr. Greathead intimately, and who have heard him repeatedly tell the story of Mrs. Siddons's connection with the family."

Mrs. Siddons was lady's-maid, I believe, to the Duchess of Ancaster, a relation of the Greatheads. She was at Guy's Cliff when young Greathead broke his leg. He was a remarkably clever boy, and the Duchess's maid, for his amusement during the tedious hours of his recovery, used to read Shakspeare to him. The boy was delighted, and insisted upon Siddons going down to the drawing-room to read before the Duchess and the party staying at the house. Her Grace remonstrated. She had no idea of her maid being brought so prominently forward; but the boy would not be refused. He was furious at the denial, and with more zeal, perhaps, than discretion, he retorted upon his noble relative in these words:—"My lady Duchess, Siddons is one of God Almighty's nobles, and that is more than your Grace can say for yourself." This anecdote may be told in Mr. Fitzgerald's book; but if not, it appears to me worth recording.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully.

Wicken, Stony Stratford, Aug. 29.

A.

No. II.

SIR,—I have just read the *Times*' notice of *The Kemble Family*. John Philip Kemble was born at Prescott, but not in a "farm-house." He was born in a house in Hillock-street, in that town, where his father and mother were then lodging. It is still in the same state it was then, and is in a very good state of repair. I am myself a native of that town, and have known it all my life. His father's company were then "playing" there. On the night of J. P. Kemble's birth his mother was performing the part of Belvidera, and so critical was her condition that a then well-known midwife, called "Matty May," was in attendance, in the expectation that her services might be wanted before the performance was over. My grandfather was present at the play, and I have often heard him mention these circumstances.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

August 30.

J. B.

No. III.

SIR,—Will you permit me, as one of the very few descendants of the Greatheads of Guy's Cliff, to correct a trifling mistake which occurs in the letter of a correspondent from "Wicken," in the *Times* of the 31st? Mrs. Siddons lived at Guy's Cliff as lady's-maid and reader to the wife of Bertie Greathead, and never was in the service of any Duchess of Ancaster. The retort unbecoming of the younger Bertie, as reported by your correspondent, must have been probably addressed to the second wife of the last Duke of Ancaster, who on *seconde noce* married his daughter's governess. Sarah Kemble's talent for acting was, I have always understood, first discovered by Mr. Bertie Greathead, who, passing accidentally through his wife's dressing-room, watched her for some time standing before a cheval glass and rehearsing some passage from Shakspeare with tragic fervour. She was then a beautiful girl of 18. May I venture to add that I was surprised to find that so old and intimate a friend of the Greathead family should have forgotten that the name is spelt with two "e's," and not "ed," as so constantly done? A glance at the names of Commoners assumed by members of the Peerage will prove this, the late Lord Charles Bertie Percy having, on his marriage with the heiress of Guy's Cliff, added that name to his own.

London.

M. M. G.

No. IV.

SIR,—In the *Times* of Aug. 31 there is a letter intended to rectify a statement in Mr. P. Fitzgerald's *Lives of the Kembles*. The writer is, however, himself under a misapprehension in believing Mrs. Siddons to have been lady's-maid to the Duchess of Ancaster. She was for a short time in the service of that lady's daughter, Lady Mary Greathead, whose son, Mr. Bertie Greathead, then a youth of 16, was the first to direct the attention of his family to Mrs. Siddons's remarkable talent for reading Shakspeare. It is, of course, possible that his grandmother, the Duchess of Ancaster, may have formed part of the domestic circle at Guy's Cliff at that time, although I have never heard that it was so.—I remain, Sir, yours obediently,

Guy's Cliff, Warwick, Aug. 31.

B.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JUSTITIA.—Want of space compels us to postpone your letter till next week.

THE Troubadour will be continued next week.

STEPHEN ROUND.—Beyond a question, the thought and money spent on the "transformation scene" of an ordinary pantomime might, judiciously applied, render Cherubini's *Medea* as great a delight to the cultivated eye as it always must be to the cultivated ear. At present there are no symptoms of any such application. We differ entirely from Mr. Round's second theory, and can find no room for his letter.

THOMAS NOON GADD.—The last season of the Sacred Harmonic Society (the 39th) began on the 25th of November, 1870, with a performance of *Judas Maccabæus*, the singers being M^{me}. Vanzini, Miss Vinta, M^{me}. Patey, Mr. Rigby, Mr. M. Smith, and Sig. Foli. Neither Sims Reeves nor Santley took part; so that Mr. Gadd has lost his wager. Of course Sir Michael Costa conducted. There are not two conductors at Exeter Hall.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1871.

IN the Island of Utopia, which sprang from the brain of Sir Thomas More, as the volcanic rock of St. Paul—luckily for Her Majesty's ship *Megara*—shot up, at some period or other, from the depths of ocean, all the inhabitants are represented as satisfied with the necessities of life; all are employed in useful labour; no man desires, in clothing, any other quality besides durability; and, since wants are few, and every individual engages in labour, there is no need for working more than six hours a day. Neither laziness nor avarice finds a place in this happy region; for why should the people be indolent when they have so little toil, or greedy, when they know that there is abundance for each?

All this, and much more in the same strain, forms a very charming story, exercising a peculiar fascination over youthful and inexperienced minds, who, like Dick Swiveller's friend, the Marchioness, by making believe very much, are nearly inclined to think that the picture drawn by Henry VIII.'s famous Chancellor was simply a little premature, and may really have been taken from life, only from the Life of the Future, like Herr R. Wagner's music, as that Future was seen prophetically by Sir Thomas More. But that great lawyer himself knew, as well as every one of his more matter-of-fact and sober readers knows, that his ideas for the improvement and increased happiness of the people, could never be carried out, and were only the day-dreams of a well-meaning philanthropist, with a strong dash of the poet in him.

Now Mr. P. S. Gilmore, of Boston, Massachusetts, U. S., whose Prospectus, for a World's Peace Jubilee, is published by us at page 579, resembles in one respect Sir Thomas More. His imagination has conjured up a scheme which at first sight, or, rather, at first perusal, takes away one's breath, as effectually as a dip in the sea causes the same result in the case of a person who does not consider bathing a necessity, save at his annual visit to some favourite watering-place. On reading of a "grand chorus of twenty thousand voices," we thought we had made a mistake. We looked again; no; we were not mistaken. There it was: "a grand chorus of twenty thousand voices," and "an orchestra of two thousand instrumentalists." We laid down the pamphlet and pinched our arm. The action hurt us. We were not

asleep. We propounded to ourselves a severe intellectual task: a sum in long division and a question in practice. We worked out both correctly, for we looked at the end of the *Treatise on Arithmetic*, and found that our answers were (nearly) the same as those given in the book. We were therefore no more mad than asleep. We were in the possession of all our faculties. Having satisfied ourselves on this head, we repeated several times the words: "a chorus of twenty thousand voices," and "an orchestra of two thousand instrumentalists," so as to become accustomed to the colossal proportions both of chorus and orchestra, and thus somewhat prepare ourselves for what might follow. We then plunged as boldly as we could further into the Prospectus.

We read, among many other things, that it is proposed to erect a Colosseum which shall seat a hundred thousand people, and we immediately wondered how many copies of Babbage's *Logarithmic Tables* would be required for the various cashiers and treasurers to calculate the receipts. We were next told that over the building shall float the flags of all countries, and high above the rest the broad banner of Universal Peace; that the best place in the programme on the first day shall be given to England's national air, "God save the Queen," sung by a chorus of twenty thousand American voices; that a day each shall be dedicated to Germany, Russia, France, Austria, Italy, Spain, and every other nation; that every country shall be represented by a magnificent band, etc.

We paused, and began reflecting; at first lazily, dreamily, for we felt stunned by the magnitude of the enterprise contemplated; gradually, however, we fell into another train of thought; we recollected how nearly everything new and great has been pooh-poohed on its first introduction to the world; we recollected that poor Jenner was so persecuted and worried about his great discovery, that he was on the point of committing suicide; that Byron laughed to ridicule the idea of lighting the streets with gas; that, but for the fact of a Quaker's having murdered some one, the electric telegraph would have been consigned to oblivion, at least for a time; and that, when George Stephenson was examined before the Parliamentary Committee on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway Bill, the rate of twelve miles an hour for a locomotive was regarded as a purely "hypothetical" case. Our thoughts then reverted to the Boston Peace Jubilee, which proved a great success two years ago. Mr P. S. Gilmore was the projector and manager of that vast undertaking, and we said to ourselves: This Prospectus is *not* to be pooh-poohed. If Mr. P. S. Gilmore resembles Sir Thomas More in the startling novelty of his ideas for benefiting his fellow men, he differs from him in one essential point: he believes that *his* ideas are practical, and can be carried out. We cannot help agreeing with him. We feel convinced that, thanks to his energy and experience, there is every probability that the World's Peace Jubilee of 1872, stupendous as it may be, will soon pass from Dreamland into the domain of actual reality.

The project has our heartiest sympathies; nothing can possibly be higher and more noble than its object: the establishment of Peace on Earth. We may entertain doubts as to the possibility of attaining the object in view, but those doubts in nowise diminish its intrinsic merit. The mere fact that: "In hundreds of cities, towns, and villages, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, they are waiting for the word to organize their best voices, where they are not already organized, and to commence with renewed ardour the study and practice of the glorious music to be performed," may fairly cause even British statesmen

to consider whether it would be, after all, so very Quixotic an act to send a band as England's national contribution to the Jubilee. When people are training their voices in the works of the great masters, they are not employing them in quarreling with other countries. The speeches of demagogues, and the ravings of stump orators, are drowned in the sublime strains of grand and elevated music. For ourselves, we welcome most sincerely Mr. P. S. Gilmore's project, and, to use his own words, wish it "God speed." M. G.

GLOUCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

Gloucester, September 4th, 1871.

Not very long since the existence of the Triennial Meetings of the Choirs was threatened from a very influential quarter, and a tempting bribe was held out to Worcester by a local nobleman of great wealth, who had formerly been one of the most active supporters of the Festivals, but who, now regarding them in a different light, thought it advisable to exert all the power he possessed with a view to their suppression. Happily this attempt was defeated, and it is to be hoped that the unmistakable expression of public opinion then elicited may preclude a repetition of the experiment from the same, or, indeed, from any other quarter. During the (nearly) century-and-a-half since these meetings were founded, they have had periodically to contend against various opponents, the clerical element being usually the most virulent in their desire to do away with a charity which one would have thought ecclesiastics would do their best to promote and sustain—the relief of the widows and orphans of the clergy of the Dioceses of Gloucester, Worcester, and Hereford. So long as the shameful inequalities of Church patronage exist, and so many of the clergy have to starve on a miserable stipend which it would be an insult to offer to a City clerk or a tailor's foreman, so long will there be the sad necessity of appealing to the public for means of supporting such charitable institutions, and that such support is still urgently required is to be found in the fact that in the three Dioceses named, there are no less than eighteen orphans and fourteen widows now applicants for assistance, although the yearly average to the widows is but twenty pounds, and to the orphans fifteen pounds, while there are no less than one hundred and forty-seven benefices having an income below £100 per annum. Small though such relief may be, it is better than nothing, and it has never yet been clearly shown by those who wish to abolish the Music Meetings how they propose to raise an equivalent sum to that now obtained by the means to which they so strenuously object, or whether they would in their zeal for what they are pleased to call religion, allow the poor widows and orphans to beg in the streets, or seek the alternative of parish relief. Pending the solution of these points, the public in general, and those more intimately concerned in particular, will welcome the periodical return of the Festivals, not only for the intrinsic good of the cause, but for the pure and elevated enjoyment to be derived from listening to good music, whether sacred or secular; while the hotel and lodging-house keepers, with the shopkeepers at large, also find their advantage in the unwonted influx of strangers to the town.

The programme for the week sets forth conspicuously that the Meeting is under the patronage of the Queen and the Prince and Princess of Wales; but beyond the mention of such distinguished names, it may be a question what benefit will be derived from that fact. The Duke of Beaufort is President, a purely nominal office, and, fortunately, not invested with the powers conferred by such title at the Birmingham festival, the Vice-Presidents being the Lord-Lieutenants of the three counties, and the Bishops of the three Dioceses. The stewards this year are exceedingly numerous, no less than 106 appearing on the list to share the responsibility of any possible deficit between the receipts and expenditure, and from their numbers alone not only going a long way to secure the financial success of the Festival, but also to increase very considerably that most important item—the collections at the doors of the Cathedral.

Of the works to be performed, I had occasion to speak quite recently in your columns, and it is now only necessary to allude briefly to the musical executive. By virtue of his office as Cathedral Organist, Dr. Wesley is, as usual, the conductor. By similar proscription right, Mr. G. Townshend Smith, of Hereford, is at the organ, and Mr. Done, of Worcester, at the piano as accompanist. The band, some sixty strong, is led by M. Sinton, and includes the well-known names of Messrs. Willy, Carrodus, Dando, Hill, R. Blagrove, Paque, Howell, C. Harper, T. Harper, Pettit, Lazarus, Radcliff, Howell, junr., Hutchins, and Barrett. The chorus is supplied by London, Gloucester, Worcester, Hereford, Birmingham, Exeter, Wells, and Bristol, and, with the band, forms an orchestra of about 300 in all. The principal vocalists are Mlle. Tietjens, Madame Cora de Wilhorst, Miss H. R. Harrison, sopranos; Madame Patey, and Miss Martell, contraltos; Messrs. Vernon Rigby, E. Lloyd, and Bentham, tenors; Messrs. Lewis Thomas, Brandon, and Foli, basses. The absence of some of the most familiar and attractive names (it is hardly necessary to mention, among others, Mr. Sims Reeves and Mr. Santley), will at once strike the reader; and I do not hesitate to say that, taken altogether, this is the weakest list of principals for the last quarter of a century. As assertion without proof may perhaps be questioned, I append the names of the chief artists engaged during the time that I have been in the habit of attending the Gloucester Festival, viz., from 1847, giving at the same time the number of the stewards.

1847. Madame Caradori Allan, the Misses Williams, Mrs. Weiss, Miss Dolby, Mlle. Alboni, Messrs. Lockey, Weiss, and Standigl. 12 stewards.

1850. Mesdames Sontag and Castellan, Misses A. Williams, M. Williams, and Dolby; Messrs. Sims Reeves, Lockey, Henry Phillips, and Formes. 13 stewards.

1853. Mesdames Clara Novello, Bellini, and Castellan, Miss Dolby, Mrs. Lockey, Signori Gardoni and Tagliacico, Mr. Weiss, and Herr Formes. 22 stewards.

1856. Mesdames Clara Novello, Viardot Garcia, and Alboni, Mr. and Mrs. Lockey, Messrs. Sims Reeves, Lewis Thomas, and Gassier. 36 stewards.

1859. Madame Clara Novello, Mlle. Tietjens, Misses Dolby and Lascelles, Messrs. Sims Reeves, Montem Smith, Lewis Thomas, Signori Giuglini, Belletti, Vialelli, and Badiali. 44 stewards.

1862. Mlles. Tietjens and Parcpa, Mesdames Sinton-Dolby and Laura Baxter, Messrs. Sims Reeves, Montem Smith, Weiss, and Winn. 54 stewards.

1865. Mlle. Tietjens, Madame Rudersdorff, Misses Louisa Pyne and Julia Elton, Messrs. Gunz, Cummings, Lewis Thomas, and Santley, with Madame Arabella Goddard as solo pianist. 81 stewards.

1868. Mlles. Tietjens, Liebhart, Edith Wynne, Madame Sinton-Dolby, Mlle. Drasil, Messrs. Sims Reeves, Lewis Thomas, and Santley. 106 stewards.

The policy pursued at the present Festival appears to be very short-sighted, for if the object be to procure large attendances at the Cathedral and Shire Hall, and consequently increased funds to the charity, such object would be best served by securing the most attractive artists, instead of which some of the names are quite unknown to fame, while some others are at the best but mere tyros, who have yet to make their reputation. Possibly, motives of economy may have animated the conduct of the stewards, and they may urge that the terms are very much less than what it would cost to secure the services of eminent singers; but it would be well for these gentlemen to bear in mind the adage which tells us that "what is worth doing is worth doing well," and that independently of the pecuniary results, they owe a duty to the reputation of their Festivals and to the names of the great composers whose works, if given at all, should be entrusted to none but the most competent hands. When, in former years, at a time when railways were but in their infancy, or at the most but very imperfectly developed, when a cheap press and extensive advertising facilities were things unknown, and when each Festival was undertaken with almost a certainty of the receipts falling far short of the expenditure, and when the difference had to be defrayed from the pockets of half a dozen gentlemen, the very best talent available was engaged; while now, with all the modern advantages, to say nothing of 106 stewards to divide the risk, great and attractive names which the public have a right to expect are ignored, and their places filled by those whose capacities have to be proved, and who, whatever such capacities may be, cannot possess the experi-

ence which should entitle them to such important engagements. In my protest against this state of things, I stand by no means alone. Indeed, since arriving here, everyone taking an interest in musical matters to whom I have spoken on the subject makes the like complaint, and I am informed that the same influence which, at a former Festival, induced the performance of "Jacob's Return from Houndsditch"—I beg pardon, I mean "Israel's Return from Babylon," and inflicted on the public an unattractive work, has again been brought to bear, and procured the engagement of singers whose merits are hardly likely at present to prove much attraction, as the sequel will probably show.

The whole of to-day (a wet and gloomy one) has been occupied by rehearsals—Bach's *Passion*, St. Matthew, selection from *Israel in Egypt*, Mr. Cusins' *Gideon*, and the selection from *Calvary*, have been gone through in the Cathedral, and this evening some of the concert work will be rehearsed at the Shire Hall. The principals were all in their places, and so far as it is fair to judge at present, band and chorus seem to be well-balanced and efficient.

Tuesday, September 5th.

It is now nearly five o'clock, and, as I write, the Cathedral is being gradually cleared of its occupants, some of whom (myself among the number), have been within the sacred walls the greater part of seven hours, having attended the service, which began at ten and finished at twelve, as well as the oratorios, which lasted from one o'clock till the present hour. Apart from religious motives, it was well worth while to be present at the service, if only for the sake of seeing the choir, one of the loveliest in Europe, now the work of restoration has decked the exquisite tracery of the roof with all the glories of gilding and colour, made all the more glorious by the rays of the sun, tempered by the magnificent stained glass window which forms the east end of the choir, and beyond which again is seen yet another window of fine old coloured glass, terminating the Lady Chapel. Great changes and marked improvements have been effected since the last Festival, the ugly galleries which marred the beauty of the transepts have been swept away, and the still more ugly square pews, so utterly incongruous and so entirely out of harmony with the rest of the building, have been cleared out, and are now replaced with open carved stalls more in keeping with the beautiful canopies crowning the old oak stalls, so long and so justly admired. Not only has the interior (which yet wants the reredos to complete it) been attended to, but the exterior has also been thought of, the most noteworthy feature being the restoration of the South Porch, which is indeed now a thing of beauty and a joy for ever, and when the whole of the restorations are finished, Gloucester Cathedral may fairly challenge comparison with almost any building of the kind, not only in the kingdom, but throughout Europe. But a truce to rhapsodising over architectural beauties, or I shall leave myself but scant time to notice this morning's doings, which must be recorded and despatched, and bodily wants refreshed before seven o'clock this evening, when the performance at the Cathedral again commences. The Rev. Mr. Bowman intoned the prayers, and the service (Orlando Gibbons), and anthem "Oh, where shall wisdom" (Boyce), were sung by the united choirs, who certainly cannot be complimented on the manner in which they got through their duties, which were executed (to put it gently) in a decidedly perfunctory fashion. The Rev. Canon Lysons read the first lesson, the Rev. Canon Harvey the second lesson. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Canon E. D. Tining, who took for his text part of the 1st verse of the 3rd chapter of Malachi: "The Lord whom ye seek shall suddenly come to his temple." During a somewhat lengthened experience, I have heard a variety of festival sermons, some scarcely touching at all on the subject of the meeting, others, which so far as appropriateness went, might have equally served for almost any occasion, and others again admirable and to the purpose; but I have never before heard a discourse resembling that of the reverend gentleman who preached this morning, and who, unlike the prophet Balaam, who blessed the people he was sent to curse, reversed the order by cursing (mildly, of course, damning with faint praise) instead of blessing. A sermon more calculated to damage the festival could hardly have been preached by its most strenuous

opponents. And holding such views, I cannot see how Mr. Tining could reconcile his conscience with accepting the office of preacher, which logically should mean earnest advocacy of the charity and strong defence of the music meetings. True, the charity was advocated, but most feebly, the main strength of the sermon being concentrated in an antagonism which, like "the lie which is half the truth, is ever the worst of lies," disguised under the thinnest veil a pretence of arguing both sides of the question, but with a bias which no amount of casuistry could possibly, nor, indeed, was meant to disguise. What was the amount collected in the red velvet offertory bags so industriously passed round, I do not yet know—reserving all statistics until the close of the Festival, but I should hardly think the amount would be large, if it depended upon the effect of the sermon. The Mayor and Corporation were present in state, attended by the mace-bearers, the Sword of State, cap of maintenance and all the paraphernalia of ancient civic grandeur. Dr. Wesley's clever pupil played the final voluntary, the fugue in B minor, one of the set of six by the great father of fugues, John Sebastian Bach.

The overture to *Esther*, with which the strictly musical part of the Festival opened, for many years occupied that post of honour, associated invariably with its present companion, the *Dettingen Te Deum*, and as the *Messiah* is given on the last day, Handel both begins and closes the Festival. Miss Martell, upon whom the solos fell in the *Te Deum*, has a contralto voice of good quality, and promises to do credit to the careful teaching of Madame Sainton-Dolby, under whom, I understand, she has studied. Mr. Lloyd has a light tenor voice, which he uses like a musician, and Mr. Lewis Thomas in the bass part showed himself the thoroughly capable artist he always is. After the *Dettingen* came Mendelssohn's "Hear my prayer," which has only one fault—its brevity. The solo was sung by Madame de Wilhorst. Next in order came *Jephtha*, until late years one of the least known (in its entirety) of Handel's oratorios. The additional accompaniments by Mr. A. S. Sullivan are at once appropriate and effective, without ever being for one moment obtrusive, or suggesting the idea that the composer thought of himself without regarding Handel.

Taken altogether, the performance left a great deal to be desired, marks being throughout apparent that the work had been very insufficiently rehearsed; indeed, so far as I am aware, there has been no full rehearsal whatever, and the result was precisely what might have been expected—simply disgraceful. Such exhibitions are discreditable, and if repeated, will tend greatly to lower what little musical reputation those Festivals enjoy. Mr. Vernon Rigby, however, deserves honourable mention for the manner in which he sang "Deeper, and deeper still," and "Waft her, Angels," both of which were highly effective. Mdlle. Tietjens' most successful effort was "Farewell, ye limpid streams." Band and chorus were at times at cross purposes, and the same remark may apply with equal truth to some of the principals, the peculiar and eccentric beat of the conductor being mainly responsible for these shortcomings. The Cathedral was anything but well filled, nave, aisles, and gallery being most indifferently attended. What it will be to-night remains to be seen. The innovation made in 1868, when male plateholders took the place of the elegant, and (silently) eloquent ladies, whose bewitching looks extracted so many sovereigns from the audience or congregation (*les deux se disent*), is continued, and I still think that the charity will hardly benefit by the change, but a correct judgment can only be formed at the end of the week, when the totals are made up.

Wednesday, Sept. 6.

Although falling far short of perfection, the performance last night was a very decided improvement upon that of the morning; but with such familiar works as the *Creation* and *Israel in Egypt*, and with the means at Dr. Wesley's disposal, it ought to have been still better than it actually was. So long, however, as the system of deputing the office of conductor to the local organist, who, whatever his acquirements may be as a musician, must necessarily be out of his element at the head of a large orchestra, so long will there be indifferent performances, and the Festivals of the Choirs remain without any real influence on art. Dr.

Wesley, too, has the misfortune to be somewhat crotchety in his readings, and has views of his own about the "terrific," which must be simply distracting to those who are for the moment under his control, many of whom have been accustomed to something altogether different with other conductors, whom it is needless to specify. The selection from Haydn's ever fresh and genial work included all the most favourite numbers, and afforded an opportunity for display to the two sopranos, Mdle. Tietjens and Madame de Wilhorst, "With verdure clad" falling to the former, and "On mighty pens" to the latter; to the two basses, Signor Foli, whose greatest effect was produced in "Rolling with foaming billows," and Mr. Lewis Thomas, whose powers found full scope in "Now heaven in fullest glory shone," and to Mr. Llyod, whose tenor voice, though not of the most powerful, is pleasing, and bears evidence of having been properly cultivated, both the airs, "Now vanish before thy holy beams," and "In native worth," being very nicely sung. The selection from *Israel in Egypt*, with G. A. Macfarren's additional accompaniments, brought out the good qualities of the chorus, which seems to be composed of very fine voices, the sopranos in particular being remarkably bright and clear; and although in more than one instance there was great unsteadiness, at times amounting to confusion, it would not be fair to blame so efficient an army for the mistakes of the general commander-in-chief, with whom rests the responsibility of directing its movements. In Handel's gigantic masterpiece there is but scant opportunity for distinguishing themselves afforded to the principal solo singers; but Mdle. Tietjens made all the effect capable of being produced from the ineffective air, "Thou didst blow" (which seems all through to be subordinated to the ground bass), and in the last solo, "Sing ye to the Lord," the voice of the great German *prima donna* rang out with marvellous clearness. Mr. Vernon Rigby, whose singing in *Jephtha* this morning has considerably advanced his reputation, made yet another step forward in "The enemy said," which he delivered with much power and facility of execution, and to the evident satisfaction of his hearers. The obstreperous duet, "The Lord is a man of war," was declaimed by Messrs. Thomas and Foli with all their power and energy, and pleased as it usually does, but (fortunately) without the usual result—an encore—a power which the public cannot exercise in a sacred building, and (fortunately) not delegated to any president, bishop, or like dignitary. The attendance was larger than in the morning; but still the Cathedral was far from being full, although one would have thought that to see the grand old Norman nave lit up would have been alone a considerable attraction. The effect was beautiful, and it is to be hoped that at future Festivals the experiment first tried last year at Hereford, and now repeated here, may be continued. Fine as was the appearance of the interior, the exterior was even finer, the light shining through the stained glass and producing an inexpressibly charming effect, more particularly at the west end, which is filled in with a very large and handsome window, erected there some few years since to the memory of the late bishop.

Our proverbially treacherous climate has to-day vindicated its character by succeeding a bright and cheerful morning with a pouring wet afternoon, the rain having begun soon after one o'clock and continued with one steady downfall, to the great discomfort of those who have no carriages and are unprovided with waterproofs and umbrellas. This is the one drawback to what, in other respects, has been, so far, the most successful day of the Festival, the attendance at the Cathedral being sufficiently large to well fill the nave, aisles, and west gallery, and putting the stewards, consequently, in better spirits. The interests of truth and duty, going hand in hand, have compelled me to inadvertently upon some of the previous doings; but it is now my more agreeable task to record that *Elijah* was by far the most satisfactory performance yet heard. After a quarter of a century of constant repetition, Mendelssohn's masterpiece has happily become almost as familiar to the public as it is to the professionals and others who take part in it; consequently, anything like a detailed analysis of its various numbers is quite uncalled for. The part of the Prophet was assigned to Signor Foli, to whose voice it is eminently well suited, and who failed not to avail himself of the magnificent opportunities which the character affords throughout. The soprano music was divided between Mdme.

de Wilhorst, who took the first, and Mdle. Tietjens, who took the second part. Although possessing a voice of good quality, and no small share of executive power, Mdme. de Wilhorst appears to have had little or no experience in sacred music, and, consequently, although animated by the best of intentions, could not but fall short in carrying out the true meaning of the composer. Mdle. Tietjens has returned from her short holiday in wonderfully fine voice, which has seldom or ever been used with greater effect than this morning, "Hear ye, Israel" and "Holy, holy" (with Miss Harrison, Mdme. Patey, and Miss Martell), thrilling the audience with unconcealed delight. The greater part of the contralto music was in the competent hands of Mdme. Patey, who, whether in delivering the fierce denunciations of Jezebel, or uttering the tender admonition, "O, rest in the Lord," shewed herself unquestionably an artist in the highest sense of the term, and one of whom we should be still more proud from the fact of her being an Englishwoman. In what little fell to Miss Martell, there is evidence of promise, although her best efforts were marred by the nervousness usually incident to *débütantes*. Mr. Vernon Rigby again merits unreserved praise for the manner in which he sang the tenor music of the second part, "Then shall the righteous" being especially well delivered, and the recitatives showing that he is not neglecting to study his art fully and completely. Mr. Bentham did his best with the tenor music of the first part, and making most effect with "If with all your hearts," but it will take some time ere the feeling of amateurishness is got rid of, and Mr. Bentham can pretend to the rank of a first-class singer. The pathetic air, "It is enough," was not improved by an additional *obligato* accompaniment improvised by Dr. Wesley, whose baton resounded so loudly against the score as to be heard at the further end of the cathedral, neither was it an advantage to the unaccompanied trio of angels, charmingly as it was sung, to be supplemented by a chorus of carpenters' hammers close outside the west end of the cathedral. In accordance with the custom which always obtains here, everybody stood up at the "Sanctus," and, in accordance with another local custom (which appears to be incorrigible), the greater part of the audience, during the superb chorus which ends the first part—"Thanks be to God"—emulated the waters spoken of, and which are said to "rush along," by hastening out of the Cathedral to lunch, fired by the bad example set by the stewards, whose restlessness is as conspicuous as ever, more particularly when some delicate movement is in progress, and when the most perfect stillness and order should reign. To expect a reform in these matters is, I am afraid, hopeless; but I must, nevertheless, continue to lift up my voice, feeble though it be, in protest against such barbarism, which shows that many, although they may not be "fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils," certainly can have no "music in their souls."

Thursday, Sept. 7.

The steady downpour of rain which I mentioned yesterday afterwards resolved itself into a perfect deluge, lasting several hours, and doubtless influencing the attendance at the first concert at the Shire Hall, which might, and probably would, have otherwise been much fuller. With the very little time at my disposal, and the hour at which this must go to press looming painfully near, it is quite impossible to notice in detail in this week's issue the particular items of which the programme was made up, and it therefore must be sufficient for the moment to say that Handel's *Acis and Galatea*, and a selection from Weber's little-known gipsy opera, occupied till nearly half-past ten o'clock, after which there was a miscellaneous selection more or less interesting (which will be recorded in due time), a further three-quarters of an hour in length, while to-day's performance has occupied from half-past eleven until now—nearly five o'clock—as will be readily understood, considering that the greater part of Bach's *Passion*, according to St. Matthew, a new oratorio (an hour and a quarter in duration), entitled *Gideon*, by our talented countryman and clever conductor, Mr. G. W. Cusins, who directed his own work, and a selection from Spohr's *Calvary* have been given,—a feast sufficient to tax the digestion of even the most inordinate musical glutton in existence. Dr. Wesley deserves no small credit for having selected the work of the great Leipzig cantor, which by its

sublime character is so pre-eminently suited to a sacred building, and, indeed, would almost seem like desecration to have performed anywhere else. Taking all together, it went more smoothly than could have been anticipated from such an indifferent rehearsal, although the *tempi* were occasionally taken at a speed quite out of keeping with the awful solemnity of the subject, and the piano passages were sadly overlooked, while in one or two instances the want of understanding between principal singers and conductor made a complete *fiasco* of some of the numbers. To the solo vocalist there is no opportunity afforded for merely pleasing the ears with catching tunes, although there is no deficiency of melody in the highest sense of the term, while the harmony of voices and instruments is little short of marvellous, and it is perfectly refreshing to listen to more than two hours of music undisturbed by that braying of brass to which many, I might say most, modern composers are but too painfully addicted. Anything more delicious than Bach's combination of strings, with reed wind instruments only, it would be all but impossible to imagine. Madame de Wilhorst was earnest in what there was for the soprano to do, and Madame Patey sang in a manner worthy of all praise. The bass parts, (which are mostly recitatives), were divided between Signor Foli and Mr. Brandon, the latter a member of the Cathedral choir, who possesses a voice of powerful and good quality, combined with an excellent knowledge of how to use it to the best advantage; and a line of strong and unqualified approbation must be awarded to Mr. Lloyd, to whom fell the trying tenor music, and who acquitted himself of a somewhat ungrateful task in a manner that stamps him as a genuine and thoroughly conscientious artist. Of Mr. Cusins's work I can only at present say, that it was exceedingly well rendered by all concerned, the principal parts being sustained by Mdle. Tietjens, Mdme. Patey, Messrs. Vernon Rigby and Lewis Thomas, Misses Harrison and Martell assisting in the concerted music, band and chorus going together with a completeness wonderfully in contrast with much that had preceded it, and showing in the strongest light the difference between an unpractised conductor and one who thoroughly understands his business. Of the merits of the oratorio itself I hope to speak shortly, but I must content myself for the present by saying that it appeared to give great satisfaction to its hearers, and that its highly dramatic character and graceful and effective style of writing, will certainly commend the work to the public, while Mr. Cusins has shown himself as skilful and thoughtful a musician as he is a practised and adept conductor. The selection from Spohr's *Calvary* included the overture and four other numbers, with Mdle. Tietjens, Mdme. Patey, Miss Martell, and Mr. Lewis Thomas, as principals. To-night the second concert takes place in the Shire Hall, and to-morrow the *Messiah* will bring the Festival to a close. Though far from crowded, the Cathedral was fairly filled, and the weather has been to-day altogether as magnificent as yesterday it was the reverse.

DRINKWATER HALL.

EICHSTATT.—The St. Cecilia Association was to meet here on the 3rd inst., for the purpose of celebrating its usual Festival, which was to last till the 6th, inclusive. The Abbat Franz Liszt was confidently expected to attend and take an active part in the proceedings.

VIENNA.—A Wagner Association has just been formed, and is only waiting to be legally sanctioned, previous to commencing active operations. Its object is to give a practical answer to the appeal addressed by Herr R. Wagner to his friends some time ago—to facilitate the performance of his "stage-festival-play: *Der Ring der Nibelungen*, at Bayreuth, in the summer of 1783," and to assist Austrian Wagnerites in their laudable efforts to witness the "stage festival play" aforesaid. The first aim of the Association will be to procure as large a number as possible of the Patrons'-Tickets at 300 thalers each, of which 1,000 are to be issued by the Patrons'-Committee at Berlin, and to constitute the requisite capital of 300,000 thalers. Each Patrons'-Ticket of 300 dollars may be divided into three parts each, each part admitting the owner to a separate performance. The Association proposes establishing branches in the various towns and cities throughout the Austrian Empire. The funds are to be raised by private subscriptions on the part of the members of the Association, as well as by concerts, theatrical performances, &c., the gross receipts going to purchase Patrons'-Tickets for impecunious musicians and equally impecunious musical students.

"FURIOSO."

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—In a morning paper of the 21st instant, its musical correspondent here attributes a novel written some years ago by Dr. Wolfgang Müller, entitled *Furioso*, to my late grandfather, Professor Dr. Wegeler, Beethoven's early friend, and husband of Eleanora von Breuning. Without entering into the merits or demerits of this romance, I beg to state that my grandfather, who died in 1847, had nothing whatever to do with this picture of Beethoven's early life. The translator of *Furioso* into English says, in his introductory remarks, that "Dr. Wegeler had narrated to the editor the incidents on his death-bed." This is a fiction, for which I presume the translator is responsible.

My grandfather's recollections of Beethoven, his letters to him, and to my grandmother, Eleanora von Breuning, were published by my grandfather, and by Beethoven's pupil, Franz Ries, in their *Biographical Notices of the Life of Beethoven*. Your insertion of the above will oblige your most obedient servant,

JULIUS WEGELER (from Coblenz).

Bonn, August 22.

[The matter has already been explained by the correspondent of our contemporary.—ED.]

ST. PETERSBURGH.—M. Minkus, hitherto orchestral inspector at the Imperial Theatres, Moscow, has been appointed composer of ballet music at the Imperial Theatres here, in place of M. Cesar Pugni, deceased.

FRANKFURT-ON-THAINE.—Shortly before the outbreak of the war last year, the members of the Liederkranz offered a prize for the best two or three-act comic operatic libretto. As several of the competitors had to serve with the army, it was resolved to allow a period of one month after the return of the latter for sending in the MSS. The conditions are now, therefore, the following:—The author of the book which the judges, Herr R. Benedix, Leipzig, and Herr Ludwig Gellert, of this town, shall pronounce the best, will receive the prize of 500 florins; the libretto will become the property of the Liederkranz; the MSS. must be forwarded, post-free, to Herr Christian Enders, by the 1st October at the latest.

WEISBADEN.—The last of the five grand concerts given by the Kurhaus Board of Management was a very brilliant affair. The artists were Madame Arabella Goddard, Madame Trebelli, Herren Oberthür, Wilhelmj, and Siehr, the last-named gentleman taking the place of Mr. Adams, who was announced, but from illness, or some other cause, did not appear. Madame Arabella Goddard played Thalberg's piece on motives from *Don Giovanni* in such a manner as to elicit the most enthusiastic applause from all parts of the large room, which was crowded. Herr Oberthür took part in a duet for harp and piano, and was exceedingly well received. Herr Wilhelmj played with good effect a Violin Concerto by Joachim Raff, and a Paraphrase of a Nocturne by Chopin. Madame Trebelli had never sung here before. She achieved a regular triumph in Rossini's "O Patria, dolce, ingrata!" the Brindisi from *Lucrezia Borgia*, and Variations on a Sicilian Theme by Alary.

LEIPZIG.—In commemoration of the Beethoven Centenary, the General Musical Association of Germany has resolved to found a Beethoven Exhibition. The plan was mooted last year, when the Tonkünstlerverein met at Weimar, but it was necessarily abandoned on account of the war. The greater part of the thousand dollars forming the vested capital was bequeathed to the Association by Herr Robt. Pflughaupt, as already announced in the *Musical World*. It is proposed to raise the remainder by means of concerts and voluntary subscriptions. The rehearsals of Herr Aug. Reissmann's grand opera, *Gudrun*, have begun. The work will be produced for the benefit of Herr Mühlendorfer, conductor at the Stadttheater, about the middle of the month. The Mozart Performances ("non-model," as the attentive reader will recollect) began on the 17th ult, with *Idomeno*. It was followed on the 20th by *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*. Mdme. Peschka-Leutner was unusually good as Constance. The manager's ideas about chronological order in the place to be assigned to the various operas in the series of performances appear somewhat vague. This, for instance, is the "chronological order" aforesaid: *Idomeno*, composed in 1781; *Die Entführung*, 1782; *Tito*, 1791; *Le Nozze di Figaro*, 1786; *Don Juan*, 1787; *Così fan Tutte*, 1790; and *Die Zauberflöte*, 1791.—The admirers of Herr R. Wagner, imitating the example of their co-admirers at Mannheim and Vienna, have founded a Wagner Association.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

CRAMER, Wood, & Co. (Dublin).—"The First Appeal," valse, by Harry Hardy. HUTCHINGS & ROMER.—"The Rill," morceau de salon, by Henry Brown. C. JEFFERTS.—"Argyle Waltzes," by D. Florenca.

Prospectus for a World's Peace Jubilee and International Musical Festival, to be held in the City of Boston, June—July, 1872; opening on the 17th of June, closing on the 4th of July. The new World invites the old to join in a universal Exposition of the divine Art of Music. A Union of all Nations in Harmony. Grand Chorus of twenty thousand Voices. An Orchestra of two thousand Instrumentalists. Representatives from all Governments, and Bands from all Nations. A Coliseum capable of seating a hundred thousand People, decorated within with the Emblems of Peace and Harmony, and without with the Flags of all Countries, floating over all and above all the broad Banner of Universal Peace!

Two years ago the Boston Peace Jubilee held the nation spell-bound by the sublimity of its music. That great volume of song swept through the land like a flood of melody, filling every Christian heart with "glad tidings of great joy." It came like a sunburst upon the musical world, shedding light where all had been darkness before, and revealing a new sphere of harmony, a fairer land of promise, and triumphantly realizing greater achievements in the divine art than were hitherto thought possible. It will ever be a memorable epoch in the history of music. Never before had musical enthusiasm run so high in our own land, never had there been such an occasion to call it forth. It was a grand outburst of sacred song, an overwhelming outpouring of the people, a universal expression of joy and thankfulness that Peace, blessed Peace, had settled down upon the land once more. It was a glorious event, and thousands upon thousands are happier to-day for that one week of heavenly music. The boom of the cannon, the stroke of the bells, the clang of the anvils, the peal of the organ, the harmony of the thousand instruments, the melody of the ten thousand voices, the inspired works of the great masters, the song of the Star Spangled Banner, the cheers of the multitude, the splendour of the spectacle, the general excitement and interest of the event,—all this is the rich possession of many a memory, and will ever be recalled as among the happiest experiences of a lifetime. It was indeed a glorious triumph for all interested,—a triumph for the individual participant, a triumph for the nation, a triumph for the musical world. Is there one of the thousands who were there who would not wish to see, to hear, to take part in another such feast of music,—nay, in a festival of double the magnitude, double the magnificence, double the interest and importance in every respect? Such a Festival is now in prospect!

Within the past year the black cloud of war has burst over Europe, deluging with blood one of the fairest countries of the Continent; but, God be praised, Peace has conquered at last, and once more unfolds her white banner over the Christian world. The moral consciousness of mankind is so shocked with the terrible havoc of war, as now waged with all the improved machinery of death, that the tendency of the time is for peace, permanent, enduring peace, among the nations of the earth. Will not all say God-speed to any movement that would help inaugurate such a happy era? With this end in view, it is proposed to hold in the city of Boston, in the month of June, 1872, a *World's Peace Jubilee, an International Musical Festival, a Union of all Nations in Harmony, when Twenty Thousand Voices* shall swell the grand chorus, and sing as never before the Hymn of the Angels—"Peace on earth, good-will towards man." For this purpose it is proposed to erect a Coliseum that will seat a *Hundred Thousand People*,—a grand Temple of Music, that shall be, as it were, the gathering-place of all nations, upon whose sacred altar every people shall lay its gift of song. Within it shall be adorned with the emblems of Peace and Harmony, and over the different entrances the names of all nations will be emblazoned; while above it shall float the flags of all countries,—highest above all the broad banner of *Universal Peace*. Poets, composers, artists, and conductors of every land, will be asked to contribute or take part, and all governments will be invited to send representatives to participate in the ceremonies. The Festival will continue for two weeks, and it is proposed to dedicate one day to each nation. Now that, through the recent "Treaty of Washington," there is every prospect of permanent and it is to be hoped perpetual peace between England and America, it would seem highly appropriate America should dedicate the first day of the grand festival to the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. While the selections to be performed upon that day will consist chiefly of compositions of sons or adopted sons of the British Isles,—including Costa, Bennett, Benedict, and Arthur Sullivan, among living composers, and Balfé, Wallace, and others, among the illustrious dead,—as the highest compliment America could pay Great Britain, the best place upon the programme will be given to England's national air, "God save the Queen." This majestic choral, when produced by a chorus of *Twenty Thousand American voices*, with the accompaniment of

Two Thousand instruments and every other accessory that can heighten its effect, cannot fail to touch the heart of Old England, and convince her that her offspring across the sea "seek peace and pursue it," and are ready, in commemoration of the settlement of all questions in dispute between the two governments, to strike the grandest chord of harmony that ever fell upon human ear.

While the proposition to dedicate the first day of the World's Musical Festival to the *Netherland* will no doubt receive the approval of all Americans, who are themselves chiefly the children and children's children of England, Ireland, and Scotland, next and nearest to claim kindred with America is the *German Fatherland*. To Germany, then,—the land which leads all others in the sublime art of music,—the land of the immortal Beethoven, Mozart, Handel, Bach, Haydn, Mendelssohn, and scores of other composers whose lofty inspirations to-day fill the universe with the "concord of sweet sounds," civilizing, Christianizing, and harmonizing the whole human brotherhood,—to Germany, then, hundreds of thousands of whose noble sons are among the best citizens of America, shall be dedicated the second day. But though there are substantial reasons why the *Netherland* and the *Fatherland*, so intimately connected by ties of blood with America, should be the first to receive her greetings, she opens her heart and stretches forth her arms with equal warmth to Russia, to France, to Austria, to Italy, to Spain, to all nations, and invites them to join with her in making the proposed International Musical Jubilee such a festival of harmony and rejoicing as the world has never known. Thus while united England, Ireland, and Scotland would have its day, Germany its day, France its day, Russia its day, Austria its day, Italy its day,—each and every nation a separate day,—while cannon will salute, joy-bells ring, drums beat, organs peal, two thousand instruments play, and twenty thousand voices sing,—while all these elements of harmony will unite in producing the national airs of every land and the grandest works of the great masters with a power and majesty hitherto unknown, still, in order to carry out the proposed festival in all its fullness, it is necessary that each nation should be represented by a magnificent Band, in the full uniform of the country to which it belongs,—which Band should be the gift and contribution of each government to this first International Musical Festival, the first Peace Jubilee of all nations ever held. Upon the day dedicated to any particular nation the Band of that nation would at the most interesting moment of the day's exercises be marched to the front of the platform to play its part, and to receive such a welcome, such an ovation as would convince its country that America at least desires to be on terms of amity with all the world. After the Band has played a selection of its own choosing, and while it stands at the front, the twenty thousand voices, the two thousand instruments, and all the elements of harmony combined, will give the national air of the country it represents, as a compliment from America to that nation. What cheers would greet the appearance of a magnificent Austrian Band, a Prussian Band, a Russian, French, or English Band, or the splendid Guides' Band of musical Belgium? What music they would make, what *International harmony* such visitors would produce! The effect of such a musical gathering as is proposed would be to popularize the heavenly art of song, and move to nobler impulses every Christian heart. There would be no war, nor thought of war, during the preparation for such a festival. It would bring nearer and bind closer with its subtle chain of harmony the hearts of all peoples, and cause the electric cable, in its all-embracing and all-conquering march of civilization round the globe, to pulsate with warmer words of greeting than have ever yet leaped from heart to heart or from nation to nation through the mysterious depths of ocean, and open a broader path for the moral and material progress of the world.

The musical people of America, from one end of the land to the other, are now ready for this grand demonstration. In hundreds of cities, towns, and villages, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, they are waiting for the word to organize their best voices, where they are not already organized, and to commence with renewed ardour the study and practice of the glorious music to be performed,—music that will in the best manner represent the character and compositions of every clime and people; the music of Germany, which may be regarded as universal music, the music of England, Ireland, and Scotland, the music of Italy, the music of France, the music of Russia, the music of Austria, the music of Spain, the music of every quarter of the globe—Europe, Asia, Africa and America.

From both hemispheres and every nation let them come—from classic Greece and the Holy Land, from Turkey, China, and Japan, from the Nile and the Ganges, the Alps and the Andes,—ay, let not the continents alone, but the isles of the sea contribute, and with all their varied instruments of music swell the glad chorus of universal rejoicing, that shall fill not only every heart, but the whole world with divine harmony. Come, ye representatives of every court and cabinet of Europe, the New World invites you to join in the feast she is preparing; come in your ships, not with implements of war to make war, but with instruments of harmony to inaugurate the new era of perpetual peace

among the nations; come in the name of the King of kings and Lord of lords, and let the voice of all nations go up in multitudinous chorus for Peace on Earth.

The note of preparation sounded months ago is already awakening unusual interest at home and abroad. Leading men of the nation have given it their hearty indorsement, and day by day cheering words of encouragement come in from all quarters. Members of the municipal, State, and national governments, as also those who by voice and pen and purse helped forward the Jubilee of '69, are again ready to co-operate with the friends of harmony, in this and all countries, in making the Jubilee of '72 such an exposition of the divine art as will raise the standard of music everywhere, and be a living honour to all who may in any way contribute to its fulfilment. All societies that took part in the Peace Jubilee of 1869, as well as those unable to gain admission to the chorus at that time, are now invited. Twenty thousand books containing the selections to be performed will be furnished free to the singers, and each and all are expected to enter into the good work with heart and soul, and devote the coming winter to a thorough study and practice of the sublime music. Thousands of hearths and homes will be made happier anticipating this great event; the whole American people, aye, the whole musical world, will look forward to it with deep interest; and when, upon the opening day, the grand chorus of Twenty Thousand shall rise to sing the inaugural "Hymn of Peace," and to this chorus the harmony of Two Thousand performers and the Bands of all nations shall be added, such a volume of song will be heard, such a perfect and powerful accord of voices and instruments, as never before went up from Earth to Heaven.

As all nations are invited to join with America in this demonstration in the name of Universal Peace, it is hoped our Ministers at foreign courts, and all who represent us abroad, will use their influence in bringing about a festival which promises so much for the cultivation and development of International Harmony.

[The undersigned, co-operating with the Executive Committee, will from time to time make known all matters regarding the progress of the undertaking which may be considered of interest to the public.]

P. S. GILMORE.]

MR. P. S. GILMORE'S CERTIFICATES.

From the President of the United States.

LONG BRANCH, N. J., August 5, 1871.

I heartily commend Mr. P. S. Gilmore to Ministers and Representatives of the United States in Europe, and his plans for a Universal Musical Jubilee to be held in this country in 1872. The kind offices of our representatives abroad in behalf of the enterprise which Mr. Gilmore has so much at heart, and which he is so eminently qualified to carry out, are respectfully solicited.

With great respect, U. S. GRANT.

To Ministers and Representatives of the United States in Europe.

From the Governor of Massachusetts.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts, Executive Department, Boston,
August 11, 1871.

The bearer, P. S. Gilmore, Esq., of Boston, was the projector and manager of the Boston Jubilee of 1869, which proved such an eminent and unequalled success, and I take pleasure in endorsing and commending him as a gentleman whose private worth and public enterprise have given him an enviable reputation, not only in musical circles, but among all classes of people who appreciate his energy and ability.

He now proposes a grand International Musical Jubilee to commemorate the "Treaty of Washington," and his programme, which has been warmly commended by the public press of the United States, has excited a wide-spread interest, not only in Massachusetts and New England, but in all sections of the land. He will receive the hearty support of the people of this country in this new enterprise, which will undoubtedly prove highly creditable to the United States, and worthy of the support and participation of other countries, to whose representatives I heartily commend him, as well as to all Ministers and Representatives of the United States abroad.

WILLIAM CLAPLIN, Governor.

From the Mayor of the City of Boston.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, City Hall, Boston, August 2, 1871.

The bearer, Mr. P. S. Gilmore, intends to visit Europe for the purpose of interesting foreign governments in a Universal Exposition of Music, to be held in this city in June and July, 1872; in which he hopes to bring together representatives of all nations in a Festival of Harmony. He carries with him the best wishes of the people of this community, and his earnest devotion to the art of which he is so prominent a representative will, no doubt, secure for him the good-will and co-operation of musical people everywhere. As a citizen of Boston, and as a gentleman of high standing, I heartily commend him to all

who by kind offices have it in their power to serve him abroad, especially to our Ministers and Consuls, assuring them that whatever they may do to facilitate his commendable undertaking will not only be highly appreciated by the citizens of Boston, but by the American people generally.

WM. GASTON, Mayor.

The National Musical Congress, assembled in convention in Music Hall, Boston, June 22, 1871, passed the following resolution, offered by Mr. T. F. Steward, of Orange, New Jersey:—

Resolved, That this organization learns with high gratification that Mr. P. S. Gilmore has in contemplation an International Peace Jubilee to take place in 1872; and recognizing the great benefit which the inauguration and successful carrying out of the Peace Jubilee of 1869 has conferred upon musical art, and believing that his plan as now propounded will tend greatly to broaden the area of musical culture, touching a chord that will vibrate not only throughout our own communities, but will serve to bind in closer fraternal relations the nations of the world, we heartily commend it to the acceptance of the American people, and to the sympathy and co-operation of the friends of music everywhere.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE examination of Courbet on the subject of a missing statue taken from the Tuileries, and the romantic account the other day of the burial and resurrection of the Venus of Milo, suggest a care on the part of the French for their works of art from which we might derive a hint. We need not feel uneasy that in any possible crisis a revolutionary *virtuoso* will feel inclined to steal the riderless horse in Leicester Square, or the Duke of York from his column, but something is due to the effigies of illustrious characters besides securing them from violence. They are all sadly in want of judicious grooming. The Landseer lions have never known washing day since they were placed on their pedestals. The victor of Waterloo is smoked like a piece of hung bacon by the family residing under the archway his Grace adorns; and, although his complexion does not matter at the distance at which he is exposed, it seems disrespectful to boil the pot beneath his nose. The statues under cover do not fare better. Those in St. Paul's, unless a sweep or laundress has been allowed to operate on them recently, are invested with the dust of ages. Many, we admit, might with advantage be conveyed to the crypts, out of sight; but, if they are features of our National Cathedral, they would not be the worse for soap and water. The same might be said of the Generals, Admirals, and Statesmen, in Westminster Abbey. The vergers in charge of these might be trusted with a parlourmaid's clout, to do friendly service to the smudged visages of our worthies, especially as the vergers are comparatively idle since the shillings and sixpences for looking at tombs have been abolished.

"I had a splendid success yesterday!" exclaimed Auguste, proudly, as he was drinking with his subordinates, the day after the first performance of *Le Prophète*. Who was this Auguste? The old chief of the *claque* at the Grand Opera, a kind of Hercules, with broad, sonorous hands; a real authority at the Académie de Musique. During the rehearsals, Meyerbeer always took his seat modestly by the side of Auguste, and listened to him as if he had been an oracle, following his suggestions with the submission of a child.—"That is a dangerous piece," said Auguste to Meyerbeer, after the overture to the *Prophète* had been performed at the last rehearsal.—"Do you think so?" asked Meyerbeer.—"I am convinced of it. If your friends like to begin, I will have them supported by my people; but I will be answerable for nothing."—"Then it shall be cut out; you understand these things better than I do!"—Thus *Le Prophète* was given at the Opera without any overture. It was subsequently tried at various concerts, but the public always received it coolly. Auguste was right.

SOMEONE asked Charles V. his opinion on music.—"I am not afraid of it," said the witty monarch. Alexander Dumas, on the contrary, engaged in another sphere of ideas, mistrusted this magic language, which substitutes its own poetry for that of the libretto. It was for this reason that he wrote only one comic opera, *Piquillo*, and this he did merely to oblige poor Gérard de Nerval, who wanted a brilliant part for Jenny Colon. He was meanwhile to write the book for the *Le Prophète*; the matter hung upon a

thread—which broke. Meyerbeer required three rhymes in “ierge.”—“My dear Maestro,” answered Dumas, “I know only two: ‘Vierge,’ and ‘Cierge.’ There is, certainly, a third word: ‘Concierge’; but we are not of the same religion, and you would not probably like to accompany me to knock at the gate of St. Peter. Neither you nor I have any special inclination to do so.”—And so it came to pass that Scribe wrote the libretto.

THE representatives of the German Sängerbund have issued an address to the German singers in Alsatia and German Lorraine, calling upon them to join the Association. Among other things they say: “Through the uniting power innate to the German *Lied*, the German Sängerbund, as its statutes express, aims at contributing its part towards strengthening the national coherence of the German races, and co-operating for the unity and power of German Fatherland. It has kept this aim in view, and constantly endeavoured to promote, to the utmost, the unification of the German singers. Still mindful of our aim, we feel it is now an irrepressible and heartfelt necessity for us to welcome, with brotherly love, as members of our once more common great Fatherland, our German brothers of song in the new Imperial provinces of Alsatia and German Lorraine—those old nurseries of the German *Lied*, and German poetry. We, on our side, trust that the German language and German morals, which are native to you, and above all, the German *Lied*, which, far from dying out, has continued to be cultivated among you, will, with their elevating moral power, turn your hearts permanently to the united German Fatherland.”

How deeply the hatred of Germany has taken root, not only among the lower classes, but among educated persons as well, in France, is manifested every day more and more clearly. The latest proof has been furnished by M. Erard, the well-known Parisian pianoforte manufacturer. After having for upwards of twenty years placed his instruments at the disposal of Herr Ullmann, the celebrated concert *impresario*, not only in Europe, but also in America, he recently wrote that gentleman a letter to the effect that he should still be willing to do as he had hitherto done, but that he must except Germany. This placed Herr Ullmann in a great difficulty, as Herr Alfred Jaell had stipulated that he should play on no piano but one by Erard, and he could not be persuaded to cede the point. The consequence was that his engagement had to be cancelled. Herr Ullmann has been equally unlucky with Mdlle. Battu, who plumply refused a monthly salary of three thousand thalers with the remark that she would not sing before Germans. Mad. Carvalho, on the contrary, is, we have been informed, more sensible, and would willingly accept an engagement from Herr Ullmann did she not fear the attacks of the Paris press, which has so magnanimously caused M. de Saint Saëns to be ostracized by all the other musicians in the French capital because he took part in a concert at Baden.

W A I F S.

Madame Arabella Goddard is in treaty for a lengthened tour in the principal cities and towns of the United States next year.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul are at Baden Baden.

Sir Michael Costa is taking the baths at Ischia, near Naples.

Miss Bateman has been fulfilling an engagement at the Theatre Royal, Bristol.

Mr. H. J. Byron will write the opening of the Covent Garden pantomime.

Mr. Wilkie Collins is dramatizing *The Woman in White* for the Olympic Theatre.

A new fairy play by Mr. W. S. Gilbert will be produced at the Haymarket Theatre after Mr. Sothorn's departure.

Verdi's *La Forza del Destino* and *Aida* (his Egyptian opera) will be performed at La Scala, Milan, during the coming season.

Mrs. John Wood has decided to build a new theatre, to be called the National, devoted to old English comedies and dramas.

The city of Ghent has just obtained from the Government a subsidy of 21,000 fr. for its conservatoire.

Balf's comic opera, *Letty, the Basket Maker*, has been performed with great success at the Gaiety Theatre during the week.

A new tenor, Mr. Richard Cole, is about to appear in London this next winter. He is said to possess a fine voice.

Mias Clara Doria sailed on Thursday for New York in the City of London steam-ship, to join the Parepa-Rosa opera troupe.

Mozart's *Twelfth Mass* will be given at Covent Garden on Friday next. The principal soprano part by Madame Rudersdorff.

Madame Ristori is starting for a campaign in the Danubian Principalities. She will appear at Bucharest, Galatz, and Odessa.

A fashionable lady, on being asked if she went often to the Opera, replied, “No, but I would go every night if it wasn't for the music.”

The municipal authorities of Rome have determined to place on the Pincian Hill the busts of Alfieri, Donizetti, Rossini, Mercadante, &c.

M. Brandus' journal, the *Revue et Gazette Musicale de Paris*, will re-appear on the first of October. M. Heugel's *Le Ménestrel* reappeared on the 2nd inst.

Signor Tamberlik, in Mexico, was lately called before the curtain twenty times, and received 3,000 bouquets. His carriage was dragged in triumph to his hotel.

It is reported that Offenbach, Dion Boucicault, and Raphael Felix, have arranged to produce new comic operettas in English and French simultaneously at two theatres.

Auber has bequeathed an annual sum of 5,000fr. to the Paris Conservatoire, as premium for the best comic opera. 2,000fr. are to the librettist, and 3,000 to the composer.

Offenbach will shortly read his new opera, *Le Corsair Noir*, to the artists of the Théâtre des Variétés in Paris. It is in three acts, and music and words are by Offenbach himself.

Mr. J. A. Cave is going to sell the Victoria Theatre to a limited company. Mr. J. A. Cave intends erecting a new theatre in Edgware Road. The architect is Mr. Walter Emden.

The Opera House scheme, which has been some time under consideration, is now definitely settled. The site for the new theatre is in Oxford Street. The architect is Mr. Walter Emden.

The works of the new Opera House, Paris, have been resumed; 600,000fr. voted before the outbreak of the war, having been placed at the disposal of M. Garnier. No other credits are open for subsequent operations.

Another “phenomenon” is now occupying the attention of the musical public in Germany, namely, Mdlle. Jeanne Becker, aged 13, daughter of Jean Becker, of violin fame. She performed lately at a concert at Mannheim.

It appears that at his death Dean Mansel, of St. Paul's, was busy upon the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Mark, and not on that of St. John, as stated by several of our contemporaries. The Gospel of St. John is in the hands of Professor Westcott.

A new rating of band-boy and band-man, second-class, is to be introduced into the naval service, in order that the difficulty now experienced in forming a band on commissioning a ship may be overcome. The band-boys will mostly be trained in the service.

On Friday, the 18th of August, at the Chancery Chambers, the case of Earl Dudley v. Gye in reference to her Majesty's Theatre was among the list of summonses for time to complete evidence. There were two summonses, one for each side, and time in both was granted to the 20th October.

Signor Arditi leaves to-day, with Madame Arditi, for Homburg, where he will remain for a few weeks, and then proceed to St. Petersburg, to fulfil his engagement as conductor at the Italian Opera. Madame Arditi will return from Homburg, and remain in London during the winter.

Mr. Jarrett, the agent for Mdlle. Nilsson, whose departure from Liverpool by the Cuba last Saturday week with M. Capoul, the French tenor, and M. Jamet, the Belgian barytone, as recorded in our impression last week, arrived at New York on Thursday, after a passage of eleven days.

Mr. Finlay Finlayson, agent for Mr. Albert Weber, the well-known American pianoforte manufacturer, leaves for New York next week. Mr. Finlayson has been “interviewing” the London International Exhibition for the purpose of making arrangements for next year's “show.”

Madame Carlotta Patti must be a useful member of an operatic company, if we may believe the anecdote concerning her powers which was lately going the round of the papers abroad and at home. *Apropos* of the late fire at the Theatre of Santiago, we are told that “two thousand persons had just retired from hearing Madame Carlotta Patti; otherwise the results would have been frightful.” We knew that music had “charms to soothe” most things; but we were not aware that it could extinguish fire.

The gentlemen of the orchestra of the Royal Amphitheatre and Circus, Holborn, presented Mr. George Clements, their musical director, with a handsome diamond ring, as a mark of respect for the kindness he has shown to them, and in acknowledgment of the ability with which he has fulfilled his duties.

Sir Sterndale Bennett has given the Directors of the Royal National Opera Company permission to perform (for the first time on the operatic stage) his cantata, *The May Queen*, which will be produced at St. James's Theatre next month, under the direction of Miss Rose Hersee, who will represent the "May Queen."

The Lord Chamberlain has prohibited at a London theatre the performance of a farce called *The Dickon Trial*, but a drama bearing a similar title, and reproducing the chief incidents of the case, has been produced out of the Lord Chamberlain's jurisdiction in Liverpool. It is anomalous that in the provinces there should be no dramatic censorship, while in London a very strict one prevails.

All doubt about the slackest season of the year being now reached may be dismissed. For some time past the task of the dramatic and musical critic has been lighter than he has known it in recent years, and even now his slightly augmented duties consist only in chronicling the closing of theatres, or the commencement of experiments which he can scarcely regard as serious, so obviously from their commencement are they doomed to failure.

The Royal Italian Opera of London has resolved to adopt the normal diapason. The members of the Covent Garden orchestra have received notice of this alteration, through the terms of their engagement, with Mr. Gye. For the future they are to provide themselves with instruments of the same pitch as used at the French opera. The Americans, so partial to brilliant sounds, have adopted the French diapason for the operatic tour of Mdlle. Nilsson.

Sir Julius Benedict has been "taking the waters" at Bad Kreuth (Bavaria). He is expected to return to London this day. At Berlin, en route to London, he had the honour of being invited to spend the evening with the Imperial Prince and Princess of Germany, and being placed at supper "one remove" from their Imperial Highnesses. There is every probability of Sir Julius's opera, *The Crusaders*, being brought out at the Imperial Opera next winter, with an admirable cast.

Ole Bull's (the violin player) grand concert tour in America is adjourned *sine die*. According to the *New York Weekly Review*, he is still seriously ill, but has improved sufficiently to be removed from West Lebanon, N. H., to the Isle of Shoals (off Portsmouth), where, it is hoped, he will soon regain his health. Meanwhile, Mr. Turnbull, his agent, has been instructed to cancel all his engagements—nearly two hundred in number—and telegrams to this effect have been sent all over the country.

Mr. Aynsley Cooke has been engaged to take part in one of the principal opera troupes now formed for operatic performances in America. On the occasion of his benefit and last appearance, a pleasing mark of respect was proffered to Mr. Cooke in the Crystal Palace Theatre, when a crowded audience assembled to give him a "God speed." Mr. Santley, Mr. Perren, Miss Blanche Cole, Mrs. A. Cooke, and the *bénéficiaire* were the principal soloists, the selections of operas being *Faust* and *The Bride of Lammermoor*. Mr. Santley generously gave his services.

On Monday week Mr. Richard Younge's comedy company appeared at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, in *M.P.* The audience, not pleased with Mr. Mulhewther, representative of an Irish character, were so emphatic that Mr. Younge came to the front, and said:—"Ladies and Gentlemen, in presenting to you for the first time the late Mr. Robertson's play, I should be wanting in self-respect, as well as in respect to the memory of a great man, if I did not appeal to you to know the reason why this demonstration has occurred to-night?"—A voice: "On account of the brogue."—Mr. Younge: "Why this demonstration against a character represented in a play?"—A voice: "It is against the brogue."—Another voice: "The character is misinterpreted."—Another: "It is very ill-drawn." Mr. Younge: "I am sure, as an intelligent audience, you will acknowledge that the dramatist has a paramount right over every class and country. Art has no country, and in depicting general life, a man has a right to introduce any character he pleases. I am certain that my dear friend the late Mr. Robertson, in introducing an Irish character"—A voice: "It is overdrawn."—Another: "It has nothing to do with that."—Mr. Younge (continuing): "Mr. Robertson had no more intention of insulting an Irish audience, than of insulting an English, French, or any other by any character that he has depicted. I trust this expression on my part will suffice for the general public, and I deplore they should think that we, coming to earn our bread before them, should wish to offer the slightest insult. I trust that any further expression of disapproval will subside on my entreaty that the play shall proceed as the author has written it, and that the gentleman who is assigned the part shall receive no more insult from the hands of an audience generally so liberal in its patronage." The play proceeded, but the representation found no favour.

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14.	"We worship God" ... (Judas Maccabæus)	3 0
15.	"Sing unto God" ... (Judas Maccabæus)	3 0
16.	"Thus rolling Surges Rise" ... (Solomon)	3 0
17.	"All the earth doth worship Thee" (Dettingen Te Deum)	3 0
18.	"May no rash intruder" ... (Solomon)	3 0
19.	"Worthy is the Lamb" ... (Messiah)	3 0
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